

# The Dodo Lives

## The Early Years



By Connaughton & Ditmore





# The Dodo Lives



The Early Years of

**THE  
Dodo**

a Cadet Publication for Cadets

by David Connaughton and Michael Ditmore  
co-editors in USAFA's dark, bleak early days

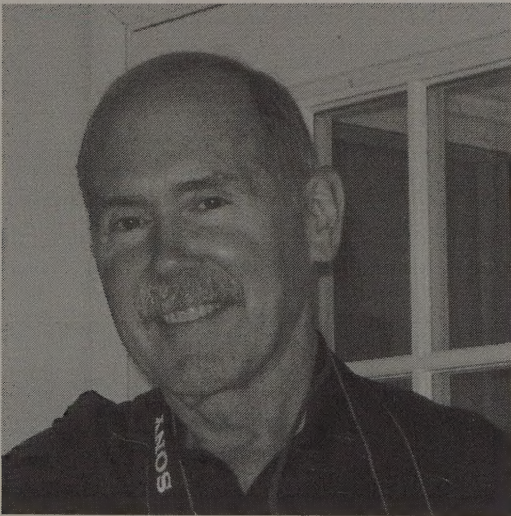




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## About the Co-conspirators

Michael Ditmore



David Connaughton came to the Academy from Youngstown, Ohio, as green as possible, and clawed his way to the infamous position of Dodo editor. He was a pilot of KC-135s and RC-135s before taking a position as co-editor of the Harbus, official student newspaper of the Harvard Business School. Upon graduation from that job, he worked for IBM and as a consultant until retiring to the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

## Acknowledgements

The Dodo was originated on 16 May, 1957 by Cadets Reeves and Lee, Class of 1959, with contributions over the years from cadets too numerous to name. The flightless 'Dodo' title was selected to poke a little fun at the fearsome USAFA mascot, but initial editions didn't stray far from Air Force doxology.

Then came David Samuel.

The editors of this book were much influenced by the editorial antics of one David Samuel, Class of 1964, a human dynamo producing ideas irreverent to the limits of official toleration but often hilarious among the caged denizens of the Aluminum Zoo. He was a good-natured, zany mentor.

For all who have been editors before and after us, and for all who have contributed to the Dodo over the years, we are profoundly grateful.



# Introduction

Chapter I

Chapter II

The first part of the book is devoted to the study of the history of the book. It is divided into two parts: the first part is devoted to the study of the history of the book, and the second part is devoted to the study of the history of the book.

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## Introduction

In the beginning - well, almost...

The authors were separated at birth, but met again in 1963 under a bed in Vandenberg Hall. Recruited by the legendary hedonist David Samuel, we became for a while the dualing pens of the Dodo, and our lives were changed forever.

This book is an attempt to capture and collect in one place the history of the Dodo - the cadet newspaper of the United States Air Force Academy. The material has been drawn from our web site '[thedodolives.org](http://thedodolives.org)' with considerable effort to select the very best and to upgrade the quality of the graphics .

Like most college publications, the Dodo enjoyed a love/hate relationship with its overseers - light on the love, actually. But over the early years of the Academy, we believe it served a valuable purpose - bringing a little humor into a serious, challenging and pressure-filled environment.

Everything you see and read here is our responsibility alone - well, there were a few other well intentioned deviants who contributed mightily - and should therefor share in the collective blame.

One last note: we do not represent nor approve of, nor have we ever had a relationship with, the eDodo - an enterprise that must stand on its own.

Please enjoy and send us your comments - our emails are available at the USAFA AOG web site.



## Evolution of the Title

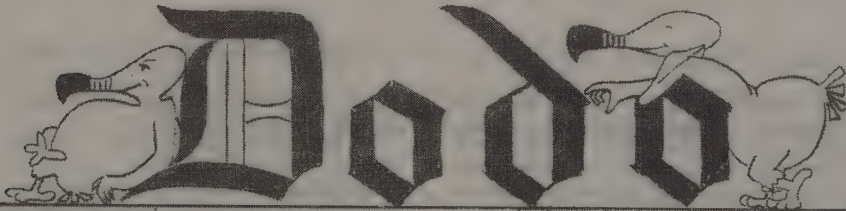
So what should a cadet newsletter look like? The first staff of the Dodo had a blank sheet of paper and very little editorial guidance, but they had imagination

# Dodo

Vol. I, No. 1

*A Cadet Publication For Cadets*

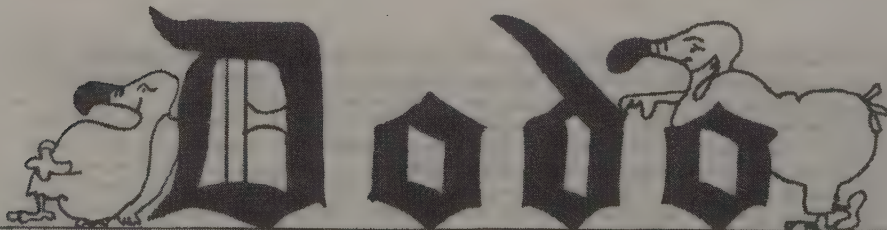
16 May 1957



Vol. I, No. 2

*A Cadet Publication For Cadets*

29 May, 1957



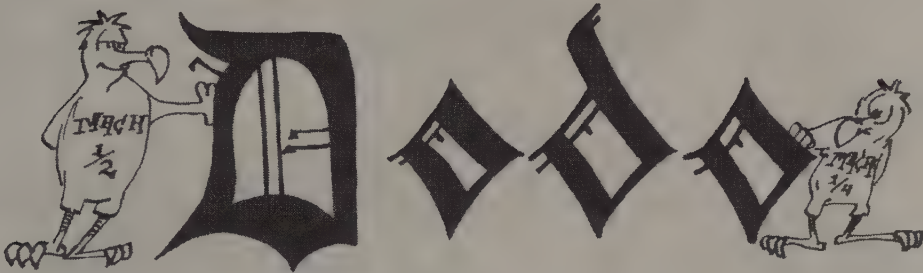
VOL II-NO. 18  
~~III~~

*A Publication for Cadets*

8 APRIL '59

## Evolution of the Title

The title evolved substantially when Michael Ditmore joined the staff in his doolie year. The Dodo character gained an attitude. (The editorial staff also figured out about that time that the campus was mostly lacking in young ladies for the overwrought cadets to ogle. That's not very PC in today's world but believe us, it was important then). But back to the title...



Vol 6 Nr 6

*A Cadet Publication for Cadets*

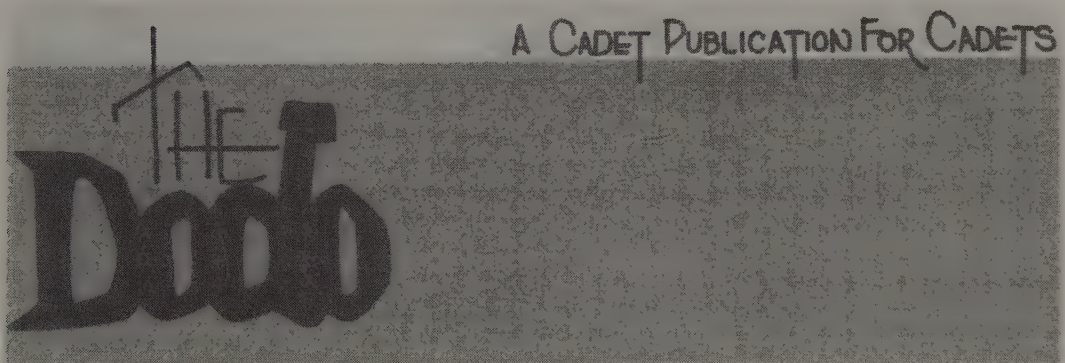
20 December 1961

year.

# THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

But in the following year a bit of the old attitude crept back in.

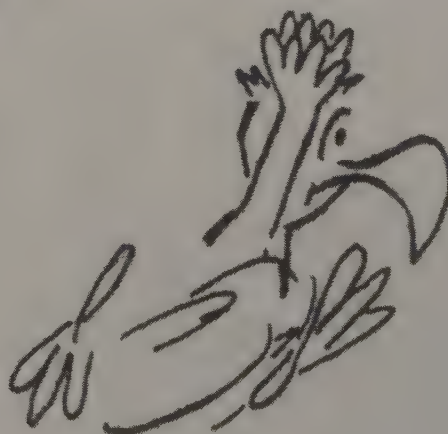
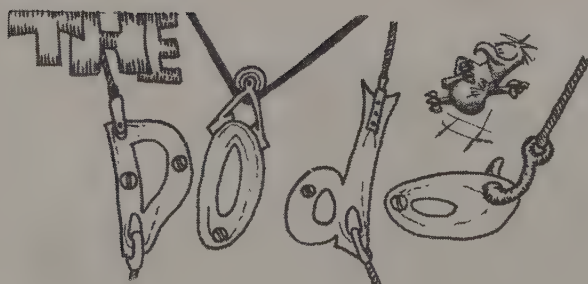
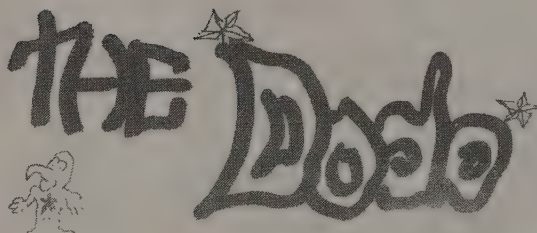
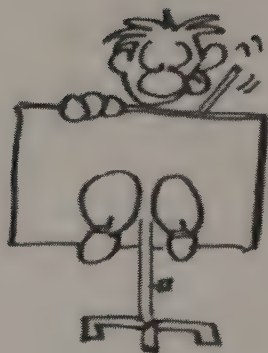
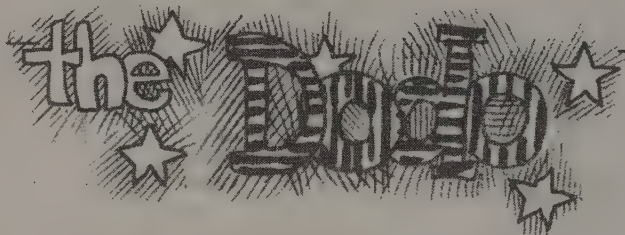
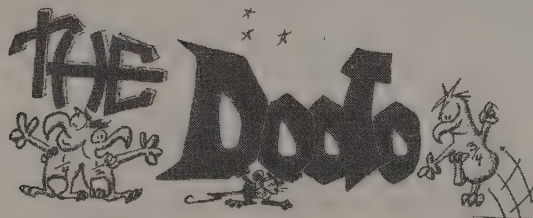




## Evolution of the Title

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After that, the look of the title seemed a bit unstuck from any particular rules. But by then the cadets knew if there was a newsletter printed on inexpensive paper laying around poking fun at the Air Force, them, the AOCs, and USAFA, it was the Dodo.



THE **Dodo** ! **Dodo**

THE  
**DODO**  
ENTERTAINMENT FOR CADETS

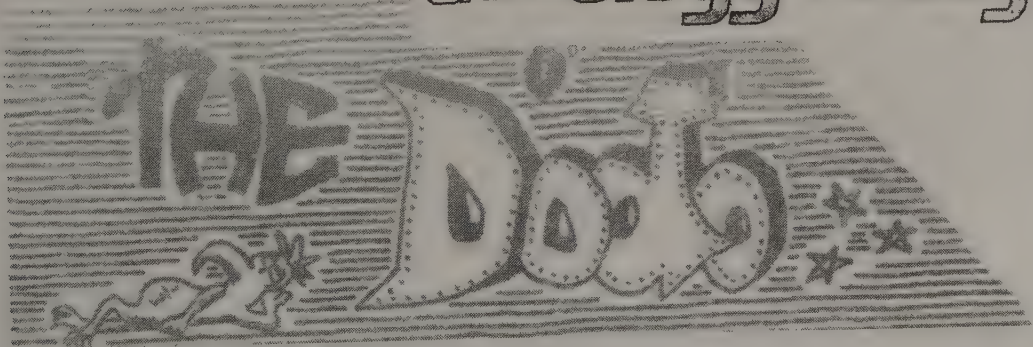


OCT '81

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE  
OF CADET HUMOR

**Dodo**

*dodology today*



Many (most) of the early editions appear to be lost in the sands of time, along with the memories that accompany them. Following are selections that capture some of the events, humor, and angst of the early days.

# Dodo

Vol. I, No. 1

*A Cadet Publication For Cadets*

16 May 1957

## EDITOR'S COMMENTS

We hope that the Cadet Wing enjoys this first issue of the Dodo. We feel that the Wing needs a publication which speaks to the cadets on subjects of interest to the cadets. No slam at the Talon is intended, and I want to stress the fact that we are not in competition with the magazine. The Talon is a monthly publication, and as such, it cannot cover the daily incidents which occur throughout the Wing. The Dodo will attempt to cover those events which presumably would not be of special interest to outside readers of the magazine, but would be of interest to you.

Our people have worked hard on this signal issue. I realize that in its present form the Dodo resembles a standard poop sheet more than it does a newspaper, but we are a brand-new organization. We have to justify our existence before we ask for the support necessary to produce a full scale standard newspaper. We would certainly appreciate any comments or suggestions which you, as readers, might feel would improve our paper.

In time we expect the Dodo will attain its position as an indispensable part of the Cadet Wing. Someday it will be one of the finest --- we hope the very finest --- newspapers of its type in the country. Until these things transpire, please bear with us. Please send any comments, good or bad, to Cadet Reeves, Dorm 874. If you think you have some news the Wing as a whole hasn't heard, bring that too.

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## True Course : CAREER

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears..." as a certain professional soldier once said. The reason for this bit of journalistic endeavor is herewith presented. Some of us, Class of '59 specifically, felt that there was dire need for a source of info to cadets about matters pertaining to life as a commissioned officer in the Air Force. True, we get all kinds of "hot poop" from Military Training about the operational commands, combat missions of same, etc., but very little of it is aimed at orienting us toward the life we will encounter in the regular service. So, with this in mind, yours truly, got the nod to do the deed in this column. We will attempt to keep abreast with what is transpiring out in the world that might affect the life and career of an Air Force officer, and after accruing all this knowledge in our hot little minds, will attempt to pass it on to you, along with a few personal reflections and sidelights. Colonel Cassidy has assigned the task of providing information from the house of command to Major J.W. Enos, so we are all set up. For the column to be a success, we must know if we are answering the questions you have about the Air Force. So, no matter what the query, fire away. We'll try to get the poop for you if at all possible.

All you SAC men lift up your heads. Air Force Chief of Staff, General Twining recently told congress that it would be ten-fifteen years before long-range missiles replace the manned bomber, and that then it would be a gradual replacement. It seems the senators are pressing the question as to when the "rockets with brains" will replace aircraft such as the B-47, B-52, and the up-coming B-58. The Director of Procurement and Pro-

duction-Air Force, Brigadier General W.A. Davis stated: "The guided missile will replace aircraft only in those areas where it has been determined that... (they) are the most effective, and that....missiles and manned aircraft will overlap until the operational capabilities of.... missiles can be established..." It would appear that there might be a future in this man's Air Force, after all. At least for those of us who decide to fly the aircraft with character, the Bomber. I await the fury of all you fighter pilots.

Again in the SAC vein, it was recently announced in Washington SAC's spot promotions are on the way out. Reductions in spots will begin this year, with the entire program passing out of existence in 1960. The reason for discontinuing this method of recognition for outstanding combat flying readiness was given that the spot promotions reduced the number of temporary promotions available to other officers in the Air Force. One might wonder if Uncle Sam is creating a problem for himself by eliminating this tremendous incentive builder. The airlines will have jets in full scale operation by 1960, and just between you and me and the paycheck, there's not a world of difference between flying a B-47 and a 707. Maybe the U.S. should begin giving a little more thought to its airmen and their future as defenders of the nation, yes?

That's about the size of it for now. Bigger and better things to come, provided you let us know what you think and/or want to know about this Air Force we live in.

\*\*\*

The New Cadet program has undergone several noteworthy changes. The most startling of these will be the manner in which the New Cadets are received. Instead of the shock treatment meted out to the classes of '59 and '60, the class of '61 will have a three day period in which to observe cadet life--without being subject to the rigors of cadet life themselves. That is correct. They will have a three day orientation period during which they will be spoken to only by the non-commissioned officers who will be indoctrinating them, and the Group Air Officer Commanding. The Group AOC will be Major Gauthier. More next issue.

## ♥ Velma's Advice ♥

Dear Velma,

I am a very old woman--forty-nine last month, and I am also very lonesome. All my life I have been lonesome. Even in grade school, when all the other girls were dating boys, I preferred to stay at home and work on my fingernail-clipping collection. Now I have one of the largest fingernail-clipping collections in the world, but they are not much comfort to an old lady. I am easy to get along with, have most of my teeth, a Cadillac convertible, a cabin in the Rockies, and two motels on Colfax. Do you think any of those nice Cadets would date me?

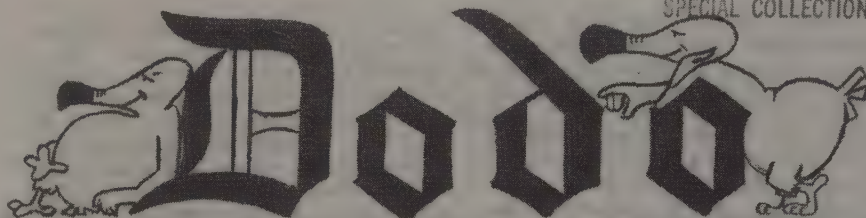
Nervous

Dear Nervous,

Yes.

As the Dodo's second year commenced, the staff was still sorting out the mission, filling the empty spaces, and soliciting co-conspirators. The newsletter was still sanitized and aligned with Air Force doxology.

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Vol. 1, No. 1

*A Cadet Publication For Cadets*

Oct. 19, 1957

## TRUE COURSE: CAREER

Another year begins to grind its way into history here at USAFA, and all classes advance another step closer to graduation and commission as junior officers. Which, in a cagey sort of way, brings us to the reason for this column. Felt it might be a good idea to reiterate same for the benefit of the new class. In essence, the guiding ideal of the endeavor will be an attempt to provide interesting bits of information of matters which will affect the careers of junior officers, both now and in the future.

Recognizing the multitude of problems which face the junior officer as he steps into his new job in the Air Force, Strategic Air Command, a subject dear to my heart by the way, has set up what they call Junior Officer Council, which concerns itself primarily with keeping the junior officers in SAC happy and willing to stay in the blue suit for more than the required tour. The council meets quite frequently to discuss and attempt to solve pressing problems posed by officers throughout the command. The entire membership of the council is composed of lieutenants and captains, the people most vitally concerned with the problems presented to the group. Might be a paying idea for the other commands, no?

In case you might not have been aware of it, there has been quite an intensive drive on for the last few years to simplify the Air Force uniform. Well, now it would seem the drive is coming to a halt with only two adornments now authorized, the "UG" insignia and longevity stripes, with the latter perhaps to go within the year. There is a core of AF officers who maintain that the removal of unit badges, distinctive insignia, etc. tends to hurt unit morale and esprit de corps. However, the AF policy of "reducing to an absolute minimum" the number of badges, patches, and insignia on the uniform seems to have won the day.

That's about it for now. Hope this brief effort gives you some idea of what we're up to in this column. We'd like to know by the way, just what it is YOU would like to know about matters pertaining to the career aspects of Air Force life. Plans are in the mill now to run an article on the pay and allowances angle of the junior officer's life. Interested in knowing how much you will make as a brand new 2/Lt? Let the editors know about it. DMG



GOTTA  
FILL  
SOMEHOW



## NEW FIRST-CLASS SUMMER

We'd like to lead off this bit of choice correspondence with the observation that, once again, the DODO has scooped its more expensive - monthly competitor. The meat is as follows: The current proposal for the summer trip for the Class of '59 runs like this. For the first week out of classes, we will get a career orientation rundown, similar to that the Class of '60 had during this academic year. From the Academy we will proceed directly to Norfolk, Virginia, for Navy orientation. The Class of '60 will join us there and partake of the same course. Both classes will then trot on to Fort Benning, Georgia and will get the Army story on its part in national defense. The Class of '60 (and of '59, if seats are available) will then attend the APOG, Firepower Demonstration at Eglin AFB, Florida.

The remainder of the First Class's Summer will be split up between a three week summer leave and the training of the Class of '62 -- to include all former ATO's duties. At this writing a trip through the Martin Plant in Denver seems probable. The purpose of combining the classes of '59 and '60 on the field trip is a proposed modification of the First and Second Class Summer Training program. This will not affect the Class of '59, but it will go into effect the summer that the Class of '60 finds itself in the saddle. The change looks like this:

Each First Class cadet, during his First Class summer, will be assigned on a TDY status for a period of 2½ weeks to operational squadrons within a 750 mile radius of Denver. Three cadets will be assigned as "third lieutenants" to a squadron. They'll work in the operations, materiel, and personnel sections, respectively. By working directly in the squadrons and by discussion with officers, airmen,

and other cadets, the cadets will gain a better knowledge of the working Air Force. This, of course, is the ultimate goal of the summer training program here at the Academy.

## FIFTH COLUMN

BY BURCH

School bells toll us to toil. The summer ends in a blaze of glory while school begins, seeped in the miasma of academics. Nonetheless, have heart, for as Colonel Schelberger told one fourth-classman: "Cheer up you only have nine more months to go!" For some inexplicable reason the troop started crying. To make matters worse someone said, "Don't forget you have Christmas to look forward to."

I shall leave you on that cheerful note to approach a more burning question. Will we be in our distinctive uniforms by the next home football game, November 23? All of Hollywood is awaiting the answer, for it has been said that we will all be cast as extras in that gigantic Cecil B. deMille production, "Gone with MyWings"

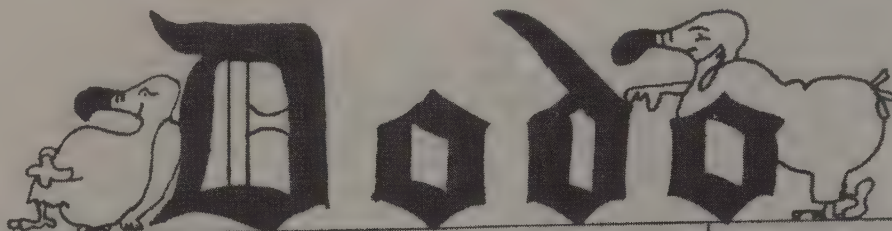
Our fashion note for the week is for all to have their parkas lowered three inches this year. Many suggestions have been made as to how we can improve the pre-game ceremony. This column picks the following as the best to date. The following equipment is needed: one USAFA wool blanket, one jug of hot or cold, and, necessarily, one (ditto) young girl. The wing takes this equipment and forms into a gaggle before strolling on the field. After massing in front of the stands we drink a convivial toast to all concerned. At this point the band strikes up a lively tune and all wander off to find a seat where no one stands up in front.

-6-

Summer programs were being sorted out, too, along with the dashing parade dress uniforms straight out of Hollywood. Everything was fresh when the cadets marched into the new, mostly finished, dormitory, many rooms with a grand view of the decidedly unfinished chapel-in-progress.



In its third year, the Dodo discovered photographs, potty and irreverent humor, and females. And the fourth class met Lt Col Chuck Yeager! The Dodo was evolving. Or devolving...



VOL ~~II~~ NO. 18

A Publication for Cadets

8 APRIL '59

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

An incoming editor usually owes his existence to the outgoing editor--so a word of appreciation to the terrific, almost single-handed, job done by John Reeves, founding editor, is in order. John founded the Dodo, put it together each week and drew cartoons enough to publish a book. His great job won't soon be forgotten.

The Talon managed another great issue last week, we noticed. We were impressed enough to follow their lead in a story by Ed Haerter. The "new" Talon really made an impression.

Now that we've revamped format, some interesting pictures are forthcoming in future weeks. The twin loves of the cadet (planes and girls) will be featured.

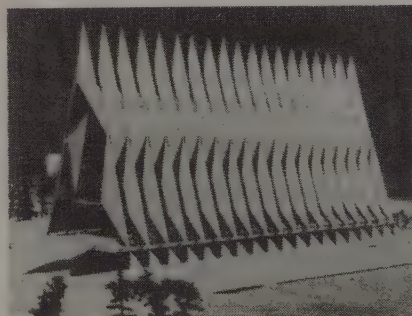
The Dean of Faculty has expressed an interest in having his office do a bi-weekly column . . . sort of a question and answer thing. More details are enroute.

Perhaps we can seduce Biehle away from our skimpy monthly counterpart . . . his brand of humor the Wing needs.

For those who might be interested, here's the present Dodo operating staff:

Editor in Chief:	George Hines
Managing Editor:	Bill Taylor
News Editor:	Dave Wiest
Sports Editor:	Pete Burton
Class Committee:	Charley Folkart
Cynic's Corner:	RL Penn
News Staff:	Bruce Decker
	Chet Griffen

GHM



USAFA CHAPEL--Two spires have been removed, leaving only 17. The chaplains are currently conducting a \$250,000 campaign for interior furnishings. (OIS)

## OPERATION SWITCH

On the ninth of April, the first exchange of cadet representatives between the four service academies will take place. This is not an entirely new idea since West Point and Annapolis have been exchanging Second Class men for some time, but this is the first time that there has been a representative group from each academy sent to the other three. The purpose for this, as stated in the project memorandum, is "to afford the cadets and midshipmen the opportunity to observe the functions, customs and way of life of the other service academies."

The visiting cadets and midshipmen will, in essence, be temporary members of the Wing, for they will abide by our regulations, observe our customs and attend all formations with their appointed AF cadet hosts.

## A CADET INTERVIEWS A CUSTOMER

BY BO WEBSTER

(This is a result of an unrecorded interview I had with Sam Rummanack, HCONC, (Head Captain of Head Cleaners) B.S. Fort Hood, Texas; M.S., U.S. Army, Leavenworth, Kansas; Ph.D. Q.H.C., Lowry 2. Presently assigned to USAFA, Department of Sanitation Engineering. Let me say here that this is not a biography of the clud, rather this is an assortment of his own personal experiences and his own philosophy on the life he has led as a white porcelain shiner, slit-trench digger, distributor of tissue replacement rolls, and a proud member of the Larimer Street Community.)

Question: Hey you! Come over here, but wash your hands first.

2nd Question: Why?

Answer: Put them up to your nose and you'll know why.

Question: I mean why do you want me to come over there?

Answer: I want to talk to you. Like wow man I want words with you.

2nd Answer: Okey, it's time for a coffee break anyway.

Question: How did you start your career as a head cleaner?

Answer: When I was a small boy I always want to be a Poet, but . . .

My father was a nerd

One day he made me pick up a dead . . . (Ed: bird)

Despite my tender years, I knew right then that I would be a head cleaner. I always wanted to work at West Point, but I thought that you had to be perfect and I gave up that idea. I finally got a break and worked in Joe's Bar cleaning the head and spitoons, but when I got drafted in the Army in 1941, they told me that I had to specialize, so I gave up spitoon work so I could devote all my time to heads. At first I started with slit trenches--then I worked my way up to barrack latrines. One day this Second John tried to tell me how to clean johns; well, I had been cleaning johns before he was messing diapers, so I deserted. They caught me and put me in Leavenworth, but that was the best deal I had ever had for they put me in charge of all the heads on the first floor. After the war I was discharged and couldn't get a decent job so I went to work for the Civil Service. After working in several jobs in various locations, I finally got a job at the new AFA when it opened in 1955.

Question: What experiences have stayed with you from your WWII days?

Answer: Well, one time I was at Fort Hood when me and this babe . . .

Question: Wait a minute. I meant what experiences stayed with you from your job?

Answer: Take a look at my hands. That don't come from smoking Marlboro's, mister. As you can also see, I am a Senior Head Cleaner with 2000 hours in the front seat. But now I'd like to ask you a couple of questions, boy. First of all, ever since I've come here, I've noticed a peculiar smell in the air. Now maybe you can tell me where they keep the chickens? Secondly, I've been working around heads all my life. Now what is the true word on this head shed everyone talks about. Is it really . . .

## FOURTH CLASS FIELD TRIP

For our first visit we were plunked down in the middle of the Mojave at George AFB. After a few hours among the "jocks" and tactical minded men, we were all growling. At their air-power demonstration, Lt. Col. Chuck Yeager showed us a missile-to-rocket kill using the Gax-8 and a 5-inch rocket as a target. Also their guided missile people gave us a count-down from X-30 minutes to full power on the Mace.

At Edwards and Vandenburg we got thorough tours of Atlas launching pads with the missiles in place. On our bus tour there we got a glimpse (but that was all) of the X-15, which was sitting in an out-of-the-way hanger happy as could be. Out on the flight line we specked the mother ship and the check list, which looked like a Webster's unabridged dictionary.

Upon arriving at March AFB, we felt the more serious atmosphere of SAC. Their B-70 and "Dinosaur" slide briefings were really motivating, especially with a few excerpts from Playboy mingled in along the way. Out on the flight line we looked over the U-2 and saw its unique take-off and landing. We asked them so much about this bird that finally in an ultra top-secret briefing we were told that the U-2 was capable of 45,000 feet. Now who could have guessed that?

While we were at Hamilton we got a look at the bloodshot eyes of the pilots, and we watched some of these jocks playing around in the contrails with the local Navy Crusaders. It did seem that the F-104's were winning most of the races for some reason or other. Here at Hamilton about one-third of us flew in the TF-102A, and most of these lucky chaps got to take her through Mach themselves. On these flights we flew intercept missions on B-29's. Of course we got the kill!

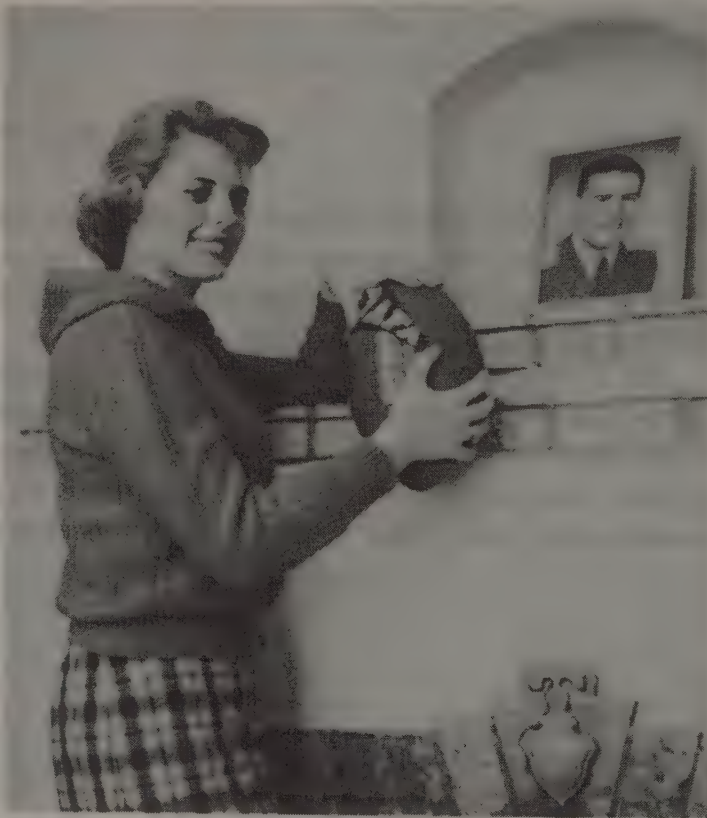
## THE CADET'S JOY

BY BILL TAYLOR

I must tell you how I enjoy playing M1-A1 soldier,  
Toy for all the people who come to see  
Group precision at its best, though in fairness  
I confess, I know each is watching only me.  
So I perform in all my grandeur, for I know  
That as they stand there, they'll see the sharpness of my dress.  
I column left and column right, and right oblique until it's night,  
Consumed in gleeful happiness.  
Yes, how I love the life I've chosen, as my toes are slowly frozen  
By the climate that's acclaimed supreme.  
How my heart o'erflows with cheer, as the snow falls in my ear,  
And life enacts my fondest dream.  
I had felt disconsolation when I heard the cancellation  
Of all parades while we were wintering;  
But now I find they're cancelled not, those above had not forgot,  
They merely saved them up to have this spring.  
So I'll again become infected with boundless bliss as I'm inspected  
After our parades are through.  
Don't you want to share my glee? Come, my friend, parade with me,  
And learn of all the joy I'm offering you:



Gentlemen . . . . . Priv! . . . Ready . . . Two!



**MISS AIR FORCE ACADEMY--**Harlene Cook, fiancee of Don Madonna, reflects on the Cotton Bowl. Ben Martin will drill 85 football hopefuls in spring football beginning this week. (DA)



Transition complete! But there is a gap... where are volumes 4 and 5? Did we not publish in 1960? In any event, by 1961 the Dodo had obviously found the cadet sweet spot.



With a staff like this, what could go wrong??

# THE DODD

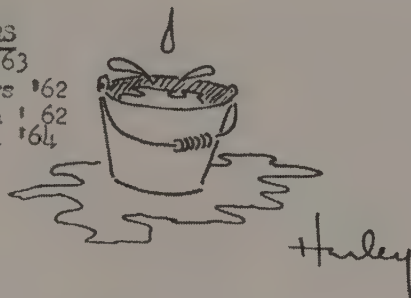
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Dick Klass '62  
James Lydon '64  
John Lybarger '65  
Glenn Enigh '64  
Gordon Brendike '63  
Ray Bevivino '65

GREAT WHITE FATHER  
Duke Green '62



5



# SLEEPIE

This is a Sleepie. Sleepies are little (Sometimes big) animals moving in flocks. Sleepies come in from the west while the wing is at breakfast and hide in cadet rooms. At various times during each day, the sleepies come out and attack cadets. The only way to kill a sleepy is to crush him by laying on a bed. Sometimes it takes a long time. Sometimes they recover and attack cadets again during class. Then they must be crushed between the cadet and the blackboard. Sleepies are very speedy and are therefore seldom seen. Have you ever seen a sleepy? The reason the picture above is drawn is because sleepies are too fast to photograph.

If you see a sleepy, please notify 7th Squadron Operations Officer or GING C-Flight. We collect sleepies and sell them to insomniacs. Proceeds go to the fund for needy people from Hobbs, N.M. and Scott AFB. On no account try to capture a sleepy without a license. Licenses may be purchased in Room 2B49.

PEL

In those uncomplicated days there was no call for a boy of the month.

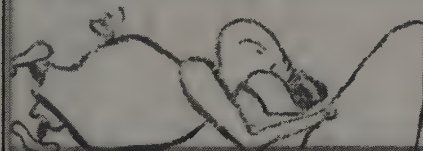


# DODO'S

GIRL OF THE MONTH

Photos

by JI Martin 63



The Dodo found this beautiful, young lass working in the library. We decided not to pass the chance up and asked her to pose, these are the results.

Miss Syd Tanner is a quite a girl. She loves to dance; in High School she, was a cheerleader, and her intrests range from tennis to red cars she just loves red cars). Though she is very quiet, she is definately not the shy type.

She has dated cadets before and is presently available, (for those who need to research for their composition course)


She graduated from High School in 1959. She is 19 years old, and her phone number is WE 31406.

See you over at the library..



but where are they at the finish?



With the addition of Mike Ditmore, with his Dodos Mach 1/2 and Mach 1/4, the artistic content entered a new phase, and Dave Samuel's zany imagination spruced up the cover photos, the back page, and interior content considerably.



VOLUME 6 No. 2      A Cadet Publication for Cadets      13 OCTOBER 1961



Give me a cadet, everytime...

11. CADETS ARE REMINDER THAT THEIR CLO' LOCKERS WILL BE KEPT IN "OUT" ORDER AT ALL TIMES...

### THE DODO STAFF

**EDITOR**  
Mike Regnier '63

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**  
Joel Wendt '63

**GREAT WHITE FATHER**  
Duke Green '62

**STAFF**  
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**CONTRIBUTORS**  
Joe West '63

**CARTOONIST AND ART**  
Mike Ditmore '65

**COVER BY**  
Gaulke '63

**IBM QUIZ TAKING**  
Or you too can max the quiz....

**The Multiple Choice Question**

**The Quadrant System**

1. Divide the clock into four quadrants (Fifteen seconds)
2. Assign each quadrant a letter from A to D (Questions with five answers make this difficult)
3. Read the question; gaze at the clock; note the letter
4. Presto, you have the correct answer.

**The Graphite System**

1. Lightly pencil four letters on your desk: A through D.
2. Grasp pencil between thumb and forefinger; spin it.
3. Read off the right answer nearest the point of the graphite.

**The Empathy System**

1. Find the longest answer (It is probably right)
2. If they are all the same length pick C.
3. If there is a "None of the Above" or an "All of the Above," pick it.
4. Never pick A.
5. If 1, 2, and 3 of above fall on the same answer, it is surely right.

**The True-False Question**

**The Probability System**

1. Carry a coin to class (This is hard if you are brave.)
2. Assign the coin values i.e., heads-true: tails-false.
3. Proceed to a perfect score.

**The Student Method**

1. Study.

RLK

If this isn't a thumb on the pulse, what is? In spite of the cool uniforms, the Academy wasn't ALL fun and games.

## WE GET LETTERS.....

There is a time in nearly every cadet's career, especially doolies' when missives such as this are received. This one is true and only the names have been changed.

Parentetical remarks were supplied by the writer and other contributors who make it "The develish business of theirs" to lounge around bulletin boards reading the tales of woe. EJW

Dearest Bobby,

What I am about to write now is going to be very, very difficult. (This is the usual approach for setting the background)

We have pledged mutual faith and trust, Bobby, (Sort of like blood brothers) and I don't want to break that trust.

Bobby, as you know, Tom(Enter, Villain) came to see me at my grandmother's. (It all started at Granny's) His parents came with him and he stayed for six days. We were together night and day(This is where the plot thickens).... and they were six of the most wonderful days of my life. I know that you don't like Tom (At this point I think that is an understatement) You have told me many pretty (e.g.) awful things about him..... but in spite of all the terrible things you have said, I find him darn (Such Language!) wonderful.

Bobby, we are no longer children..... no longer playing games. (If you haven't been playing games, then no one has) In four years, we will begin life alone in the world. (You've got that "Alone" bit right, Honey) and these four years will determine our success or failure in that world. (The cruel,mean thing)

I don't know what to do now,Bobby. (You've already done it) I have told you the truth as I feel I must.... and now I don't know what to do. I hope you won't make me make a decision.... and I hope you won't ask me to give you up. (What are you starting? A collection?) Time (Time or Tom?) will tell, Bobby, that's all.

I'm sorry if this hurts you, I don't want it to. (Oh,no, I get letters like this all the time) but I felt that I best tell you the truth. And, Bobby, Please, Please do not be angry with me(Of course not, Doll, I just love your newsy letters)... and please don't try to hurt me. I could never take that again.(Tell us about the first time) If you feel that you must break up with me (It seems that something is already broken) please be kind, Bobby, and please let me remain a very dear, dear friend (This is an absolute classic) and please let me still write you and send you food. (Make the letter small and the boxes big) I do love you. (And how many others?)

Love Always,

*Sandy*

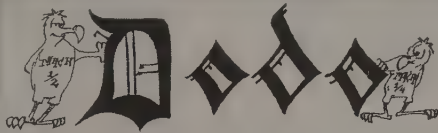
(Please define always.

Does it equal one day, two days, or what)

P.S.

Bobby, please, please write to me..I have to hear from you. (Sure, Honey, you have inspired me so much that I want to sit down and write a nice, long, jolly love letter).....





6 Nr 3

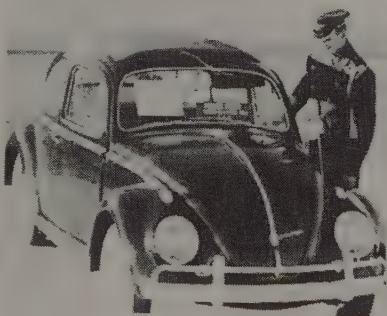
A Cadet Publication for Cadets

27 October 1961

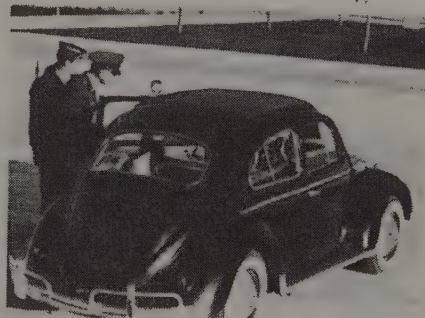
I'll be at the Cadet Club on Saturday the 28. How, about you?



..... SPECIAL THIS ISSUE.....THE MAINTENANCE MEN.....

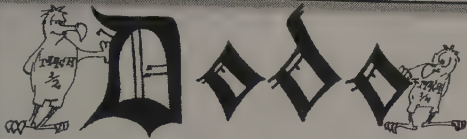


Ha, parking permit not for air garden pools.....



Are you sure this is my car?????????





16 Nr 4

A Cadet Publication for Cadets

13 November 1961



ALL RIGHT, SIR?



## EYES AND EARS



Since the dining hall provided us with cider and donuts for Halloween, we're all looking forward to Sadie Hawkins Day Nov. 25th.

It wasn't so bad that we couldn't wash when the water (H<sub>2</sub>O for chemistry students) was cut off..... but did you ever try to brush your teeth with cider..... or listerine????

With the mid-term grade reports out and all the Ds in..... they are renaming the courses. Suggestions: Pharmacy 101, Bureaucracy 301, Plumbing 301, 401, Erector Sets 331 and Science Fiction 411, 412. Languages will be designated as Greek I, II, III, IV, IX.....



"WELL, WHAT DID SHEP HAVE TO SAY AT THE STAFF MEETING TODAY?"

DITMORE SEES CADET LIFE.....

Once again from the ink stained hands of our cartoonist come gems.....



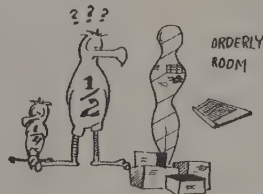
DE. TODAY...



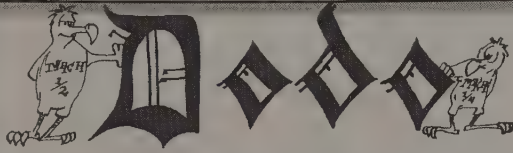
"BUT SIR, I DO CLEAN IT..."



"SO WHERE'S THE PR RALLY?"



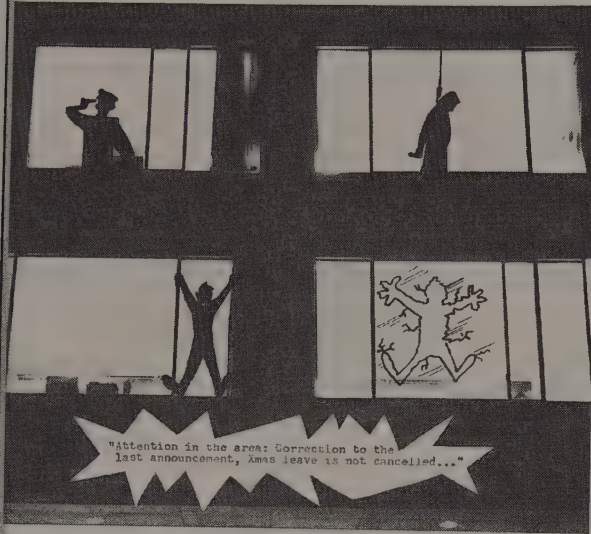
"THAT'S MY DATE?"



Vol 6 No 6

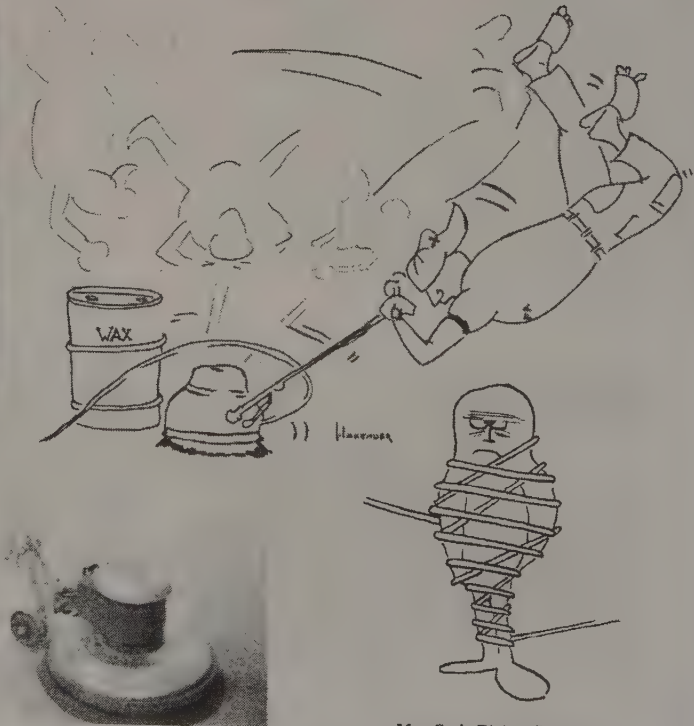
A Cadet Publication for Cadets

20 December 1961



MERRY CHRISTMAS

dodo's XMAS CHICKS

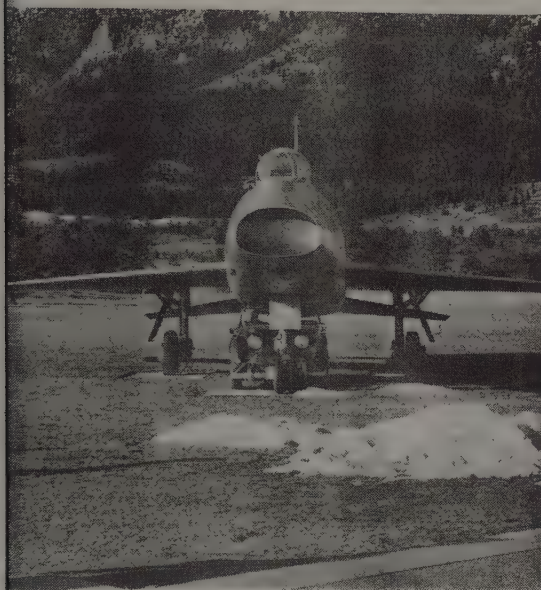


My, God, Finkus I warned you about that buffer.....



## THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



GIVEN AN INFINITE NUMBER OF CADETS, AN AH SPRITE, AN F-100, AND.....

### HOW TO SUCCEED AT BEING A DOOLIE WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Many fourth classmen falsely assume that a successful cadet is one who is loyal, hard working, intelligent, etc., etc., etc., as an incorrect picture acquired from reading recruitment posters. This article is for those who don't possess these virtues, but who being resourceful, wish to be successful. As a new doolie you will find the object is not to be intelligent, athletic, etc., but merely to look as if you are.

THE MARK OF A GOOD DOOLIE IS THE SQ. HE IS IN.

"Dumbjoha, you're not in this squadron. We can't assign you to 45th."

"Yes Sir, but I had this terrible code in the decoder said I should transfer to yours. Southern exposure, good for dooism, Sir."

Keep lining up in your chosen squadron and soon you'll be a full-fledged member.

"Dumbjoha, how did you get in 24th, you're assigned to our squadron."

"Sir, you mean you didn't see the directive from the Commandant?"

"What directive, sir, that directive."

#### PRIVILEGES

As a fourth classman you have no duties and therefore more time for privileges. Don't let the fact that you have none discourage you. No sense sitting in your room when a well constructed dummy will serve the purpose quite adequately. Minor Pool will be more than happy to supply you with a car as your convenience. Your 1500/month is not sufficient to buy one of your own. You will always get a blue '60 Ford, but never ask for a Ford, always ask for a Ferrari. The word Ferrari, you will discover, will motivate Minor Pool to act quickly. Remember, be vague.

#### MONEY

You are now wondering how to get 1500/month spending money. Your aid in the Denver Post should read like this:

AIR FOR CADET OROLOGICAL FUND  
SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO  
BOX (YOUR), AF ACADEMY, COLO.

No one in Denver will bother to find out that ornology means the study of wises, but they are always willing to help our Colorado's #1 tourist attraction. Your Brooks Bros. suit can be charged to the Tailor Shop (under your middle name. If it isn't Stone, change it.)

#### DUTIES

From time to time you will be called upon to perform various tasks for upperclassmen. This is not necessary as long as you appear to be busy. Pick several open books on your desk along with a few crinkled papers. Place an overflowing ashtray nearby and leave your lamp and radio on. You may then leave for the day.

#### SHOULD I STUDY?

Study need not consume any of your time. Always carry a red pencil and grade your own GR's before you hand them in. You will be doing them a favor since you're a much better judge of your academic ability than your instructor.

#### HOW CAN MY LIFE AT THE TABLE BE IMPROVED?

You will find life much more pleasant if your sit on a training table. You need not be an athlete as long as your name is on the roster. You may have to add it in ink together with a vague set of initials.

#### HOW CAN I GET OUT OF IRI, SAMI, AND PARADE?

After the novelty wears off, you will no longer want to attend IRI and Parade. If you don't have a trick knee, a perpetual case of microcephalic personality will do. Since there is no such disease, there is obviously no cure for it. But the Air Force doctors will not admit this and you'll be excused permanently from any work. You need not display any symptoms, they'll find their own. To get out of SAMI merely make your bid for air-riding, mark your card "other" and go to the library. No one will ask you why.

Glenn Emigh

### A DAY (PART V)

"Sir, winds from the north-northwest, 180 knots, temperature below zero and freezing rain."

The room was silent, save for the howl of the wind outside. The OC looked from gaunt face to gaunt face -- then lit a cigarette, his eyes careful not to reveal the struggle inside.

"Sir, shall we proceed individually asked the SOD."

"No. We will march as usual."

This is bad, I thought, as we marched in the blinding sleet. I don't think we're going in the right direction. We should have spotted the dining hall long before now. Suddenly a uniformed figure loomed out of the storm.

"This is the North Gate," he said.

We made it back by Publication of Orders. Fourth Group hadn't arrived yet.

"Sir, the beverages are iced tea and ice water," announced the cold-pilot. "Checkpoints, Dumbguard," yelled the TC.

"Sir, there are 97 days until you get off restrictions. There are 98 days until you get your Corvette. There are 99 days until you get engaged. There are 101 days until you graduate. There are 102 days until you get married."

"Who's the lucky girl?" I asked.

"I don't know yet," replied the Firstie.

The wing commander called us to attention. "There will be a meeting for all waiters serving Fourth Group in the south-west corner. Gentlemen, you are dismissed."

Nobody wanted to go back out in that weather. We all sat and waited in silence. The waiters took the food, the dishes, and then the tables. We had to leave. In the end we all formed a chain behind a St. Bernard and made it back to the dorm. Fourth Group was still missing.

### THE DODO STAFF

EDITOR  
Mike Regnier

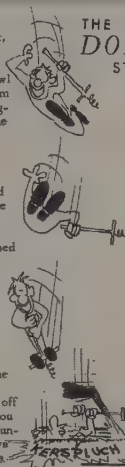
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Nino Baldachi  
John Heimberger  
Glenn Emigh

CARTOONISTS  
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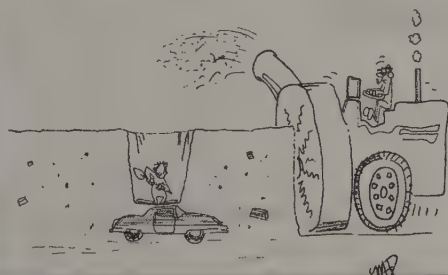
TYPIST  
Clark Crane



### Recently Heard:

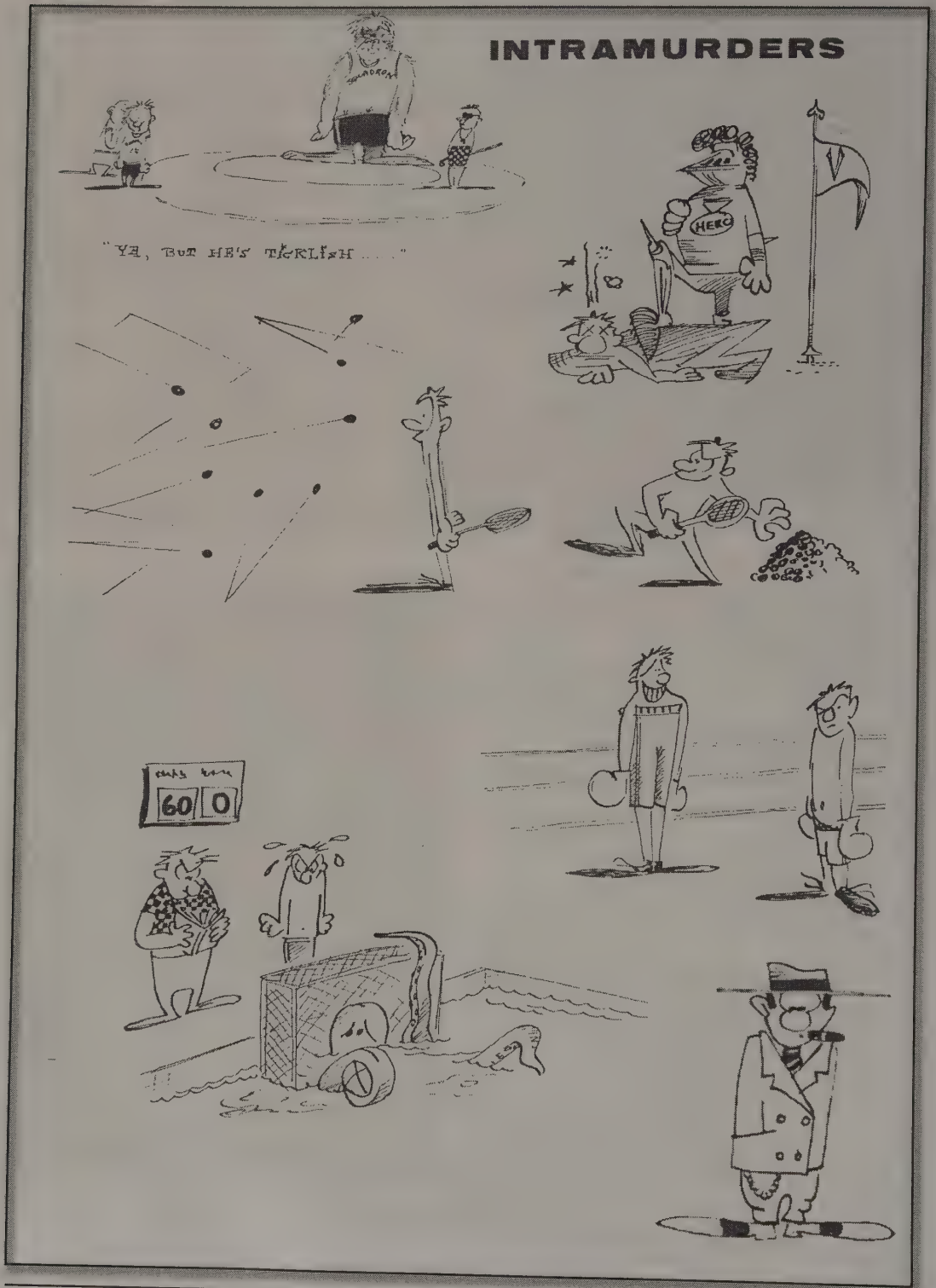
Nino Baldachi will be awarded the cadet of the year award. Nino received the award for outstanding popularity. (Being paged over 15 times in Arnold Hall)

It is also rumored that Cader Baldachi will receive another award. A Class III.





One wonders what Michael was doing about all that academic stuff while focussing his prolific pen on everything he saw.







# THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

## THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS  
Volume 6, Number 11

### From the Editor:

Don't get me wrong. This is not going to be an editorial. I hate them.

We, of the staff would just like to know where we are going with the Dodo. It is not our mag but the Wing's. People have accused me of having 1st group humor. I protest.

If you have the slightest idea for the Dodo—let me know, and bring it around. Sometimes we get desperate for copy, and IDEAS. Also the 'Dodos and Chicks' is arbitrary. If you know a cute girl, let us know.

When you get those brainstormers call 4535, or come on down to 5th Sq. FMR

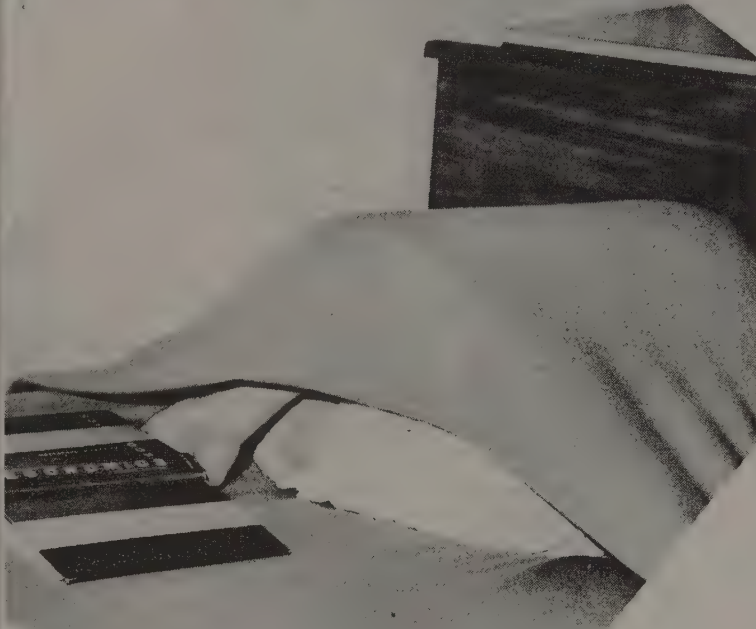




# THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

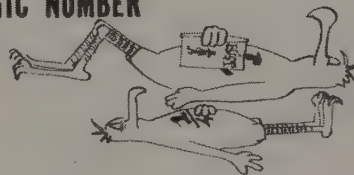
Friday, Nov. 29, 1961



SO YOU THINK YOU CAN SLEEP ?

Cover by Budinoff see page 3

## Dissertation : THE MAGIC NUMBER



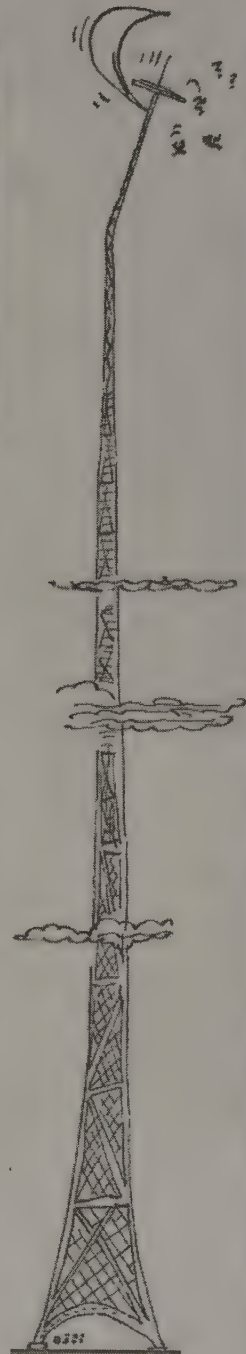
It was not curiosity that prompted this investigation; it was necessity. I found myself facing the common dilemma of being unable to sleep and uninspired toward my next days classes. The solution though obvious to me, might not be so to others. While the prime goal is sleep, I have discovered that studying is the quickest way, providing you apply the following rule.

$$S \text{ equals } \frac{nMK}{\text{phase}}$$

After much research I was able to come to this empirical formula, which will enable anyone to compute what course to study in order to get the most sleep. The smaller the coefficient of sleep (s), the quicker you go to sleep. There are four variables involved: 1) The number of words per page (N); 2) The mass of food being currently digested (M); 3) The constant of interest (K); and 4) The phase.

There are four phases, each with a corresponding number, which will vary with only about 1% with each individual: Standing .01; sitting 1.0; on bed 1.5; and in bed 2.1. The constant of interest (K measured in micromilli give a ....) is computed by multiplying your class, e.g. 2nd, by 10 to the minus number of years at the academy (for me 2nd, class 2.3 years).

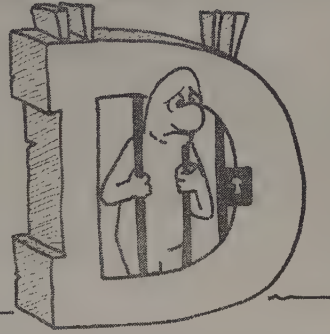
I have found the following courses most successful, and I personally recommend them: Economics, Philosophy, Thermodynamics, Military History, and regular history, in that order. Properly applied the coefficient of sleep will bring many rewarding evenings. Nino Baldachi uses it. J. W.



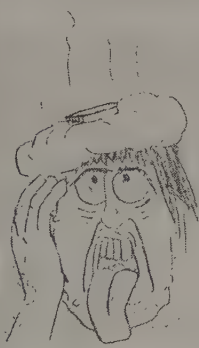
QUIET  
I'M SLEEPING



HELP!  
I'M



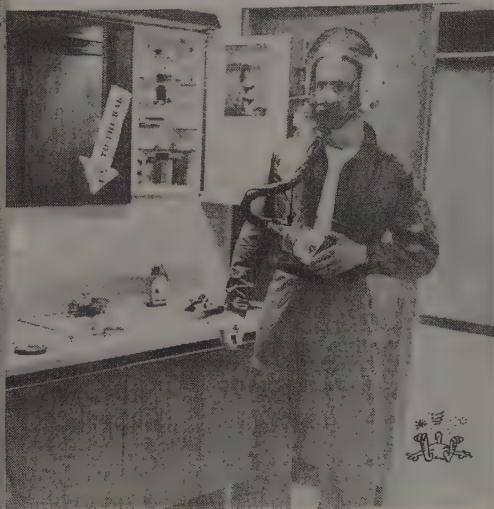
OH GOD!  
IT'S MONDAY





## THE DODO

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS Volume 6, Number 12



unofficial — TODAY AT AFA A CADET ANNOUNCED THAT HE HAD DISCOVERED A NEW AND STARTLING WAY TO FIGHT HYPOXIA —

## THE DODO BULLETIN

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

Volume 6, Number 15

### SPECIAL

NO	ORG	SOP	TOP	JOB
1	Buckley	Winfall	Alloy	Wipac
2	I. N. Maj	F. I. C/Mgt	I. L. C/Mgt	U. R. C/Mgt
3	Wohly	Langor	Lee	Hight
	S. O. Capt	B. O. C/Mgt	S. O. C/Mgt	T. O. C/Mgt
	Gannon	Maldechi	Hummus	Harder
	G. B. Col	U. A. C/Mgt	H.	B.

1. **Class of 1962:** In response to the DOD's request for Air Force personnel trained in jungle warfare the entire Class of 1962 will not report to pilot training but rather immediately after graduation they will report to Brookley AFB ready for immediate travel to the USAF Jungle Survival School, Albrook AFB, Canal Zone. (CHS, Int 6969)

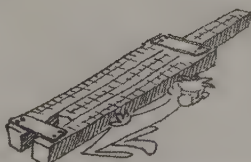
2. **Book Turn-ins:** All cadets will turn in textbooks except those cadets having meals at the regular time. Those cadets carrying the regular courses with loads not exceeding 14 hrs. for the last two semesters will disregard this schedule and contact the Cadet Barbervstop after turning in all reference books. Overload courses continuing through June Week will have already turned in associated books. Those cadets who have since received notification of turn outs in any courses in which text book turn in has already been required may purchase additional books in the Cadet Bookstore. Light novels are especially recommended.

3. **Turn-outs:** In addition to the regular course of study during the summer, turn-outs will also be required to date the daughters of the engineers who will be here for the convention for two weeks in June. All rights will be modified during that period to mean that there are no girls in the room after 10:00. (WFS, Int 10000)

4. **Special Meeting:** Any cadet wishing to get married a few minutes after graduation is requested to contact Mrs. Nae immediately. Seven girls are immediately available for this program. Due to lack of time these girls cannot be seen prior to the wedding and no exchanges or refunds will be allowed. All these young ladies have attended the "Red Hot" bride course. Cadets of all classes are welcome at the meeting at 1700, 1 Jun. (CHS, 11)



"Don't worry; they will get you next semester!"



## THE DODO

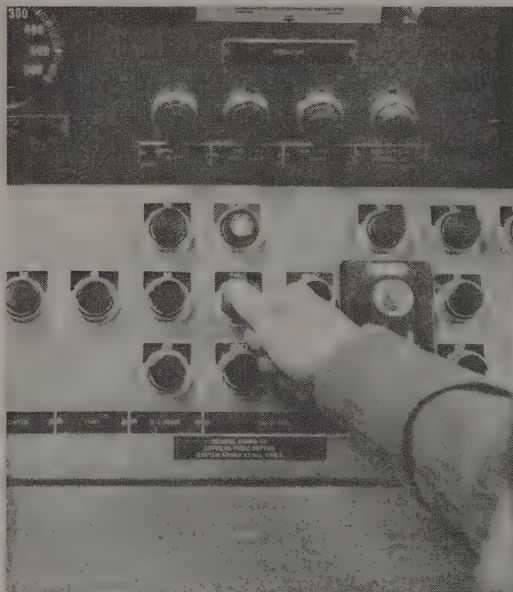
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS Volume 6, Number 14



PRE-EXAM SPECIAL

## THE DODO

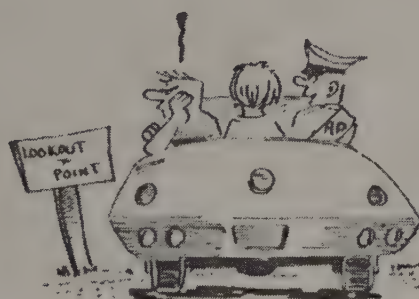
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

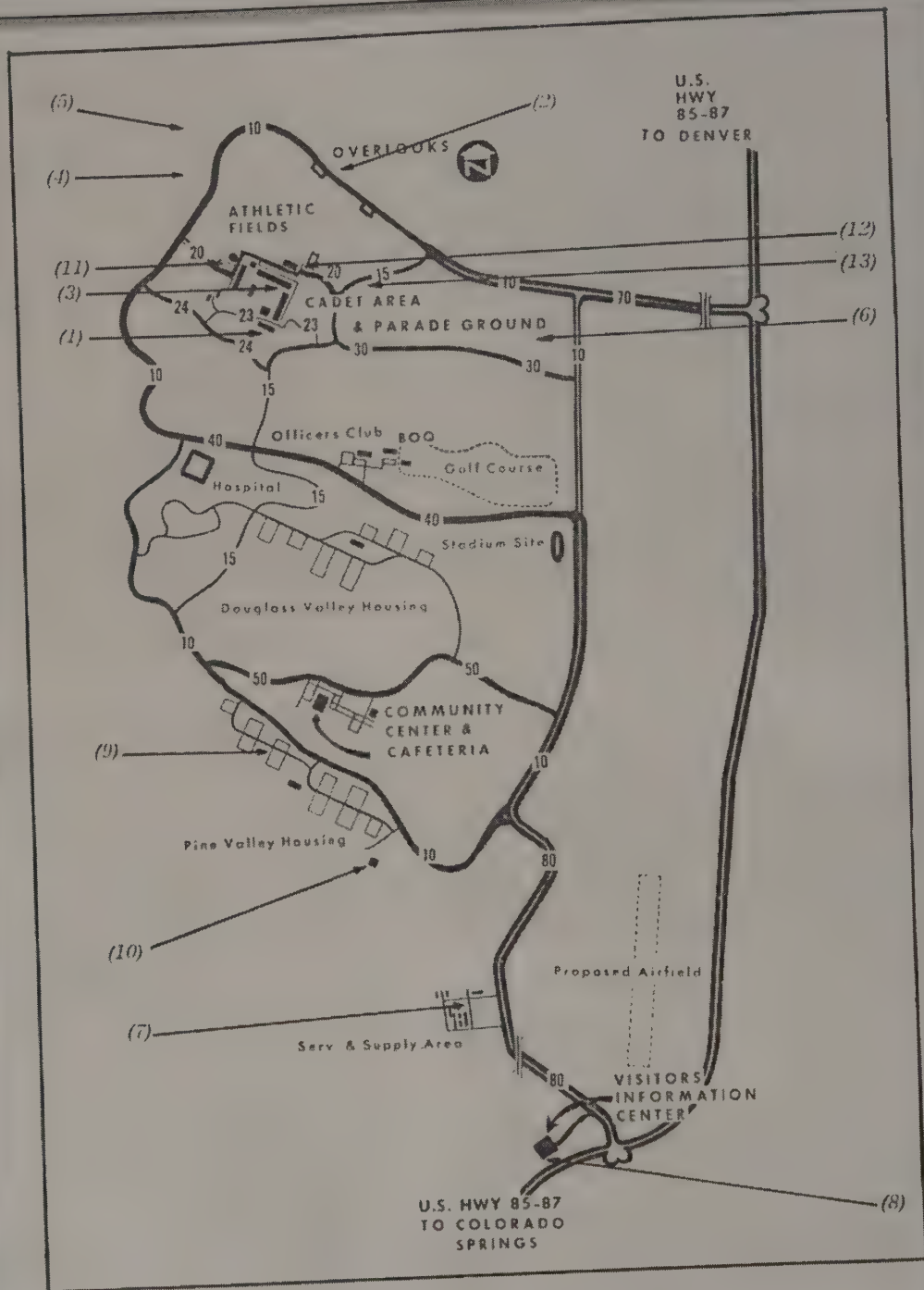


# PARKERS O GUIDE



*A convenient guide to select parking prepared by competent staff experts in extensive research. This guide is the complete list of known and unknown parking places around the Academy. This guide is not to be sold or distributed to personnel, other than regular readers of the DODO. This does not reflect the opinions of the USAF.*







1. The Aero building parking lot is very convenient for those of you who have an interest in Aerodynamics. Your girl friend will find hours of amusement in watching the exhaust from the wind tunnel. However, it is possible that the gas may blow your way. The fumes are toxic. It is suggested that you look at the weather vane on the Academic Building before parking.

2. The overlook offers an excellent view of the Area at night. One primary fault with this location is the numerous tourists that love to drive by with their lights on high beam. Ignore their looks of scorn when they park beside you and find that you are not taking in the view. I suggest that you take along several suckers to hand to their children who have an annoying habit of looking in the window of your car while sitting on your hood.

3. This spot is for the foolhardy. Do not take a shy girl here or she will be embarrassed when the doolies shine their flashlights into your car from their rooms. However, one advantage is that it is only minutes from your room and there is always music from numerous record players. The main disadvantage is the OC who loves to watch cars here.

4. This spot has the advantage of solitude because of the restricted area signs. Ignore them. They will help to keep tourists away. A little further up the road to the left is a circle which precludes

you having to back off the dirt road. It is suggested that you honk your horn in a rhythmic manner to let other parkers know of your intentions.

5. Bear to the right of #4. Cathedral Rock is an excellent place for parking during the day, but at night you are likely to drive off the steep hill. I suggest you take along a snake bite kit for the rattle snakes.

6. The Reservoir has a very soothing effect on your date. It is also convenient for taking a swim if it is too hot. However, the broken beer bottles offer a definite handicap to barefoot wading.

7. The AP parking lot is a most enjoyable place. I have found that the AP's do not bother to check so near their own home base. However, their short wave radio transmission interferes with the AM bands and reception is not at a best.

8. Although small, the Visitor's Center parking lot is excellent. The long, open road leading to it makes a secret approach by the AP impossible. The small light over the exit door can be easily uncrewed if you wish privacy.

9. Residence 3601D is not occupied. The carport offers three-sided protection from prying eyes. (It is rumored that a member of our staff has a

key to the quarters.) The same person informs me that it is best to park there between the hours of 2200 and 2400 since the neighborhood children are in bed by then, and the firecracker throwing is at a minimum.

10. The Academy High parking lot is a favorite for retarded teenagers. It can be appreciated if your car is equipped with ample armament to ward off periodic sorties from Academy high delinquents.

11. The bright lights of the Arnold Hall parking lights can be best utilized if you park directly under them. This puts your car in shadows and brightly lights any approach to the car. It is also convenient if you want a hamburger; the snack bar being only a few steps away.

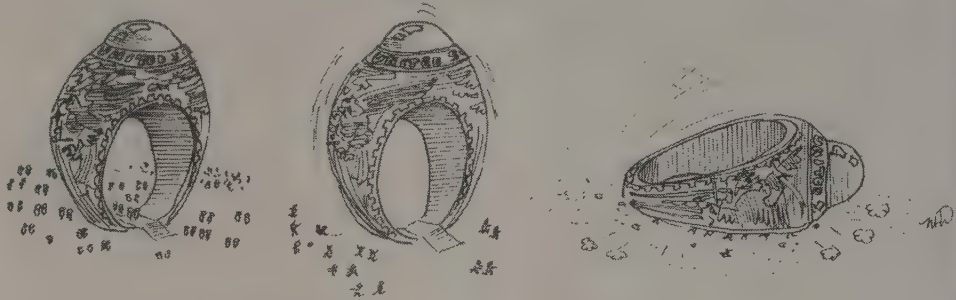
12. The area behind the Gym can be best appreciated by athletes, if you and your date wish to whip off a few quick sets of tennis. It is blessed by very few lights. However, I suggest that you check to see if the Gym is being used on the nights that you wish to use its ample room. The crowds can be most bothersome.

13. The parade ground road proves to be a most interesting spot for star watchers. Chairs are provided in the reviewing stand for those of you who don't have blankets to lie on.

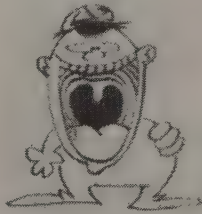


## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

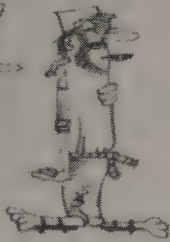
Michael Ditmore's wit and artistic style have held up well over the years. He captured life at the Academy and beyond with imaginative zest and zanyness unmatched before or since. These examples from the 1961-62 Dodo Volume 6 helped usher in the Dodo's golden age.



THE CADET, AS SEEN BY:



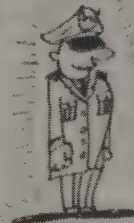
Mitchell Hall



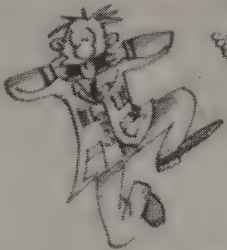
His AOC



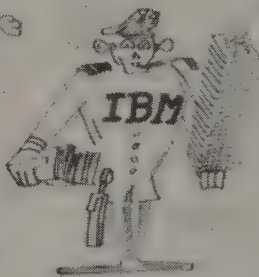
His roommate



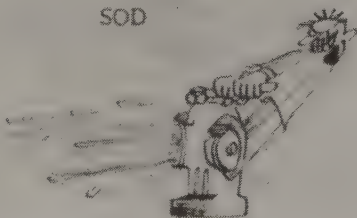
GPA



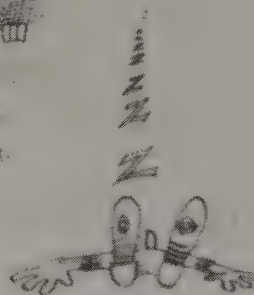
SOD



Academic Dept.

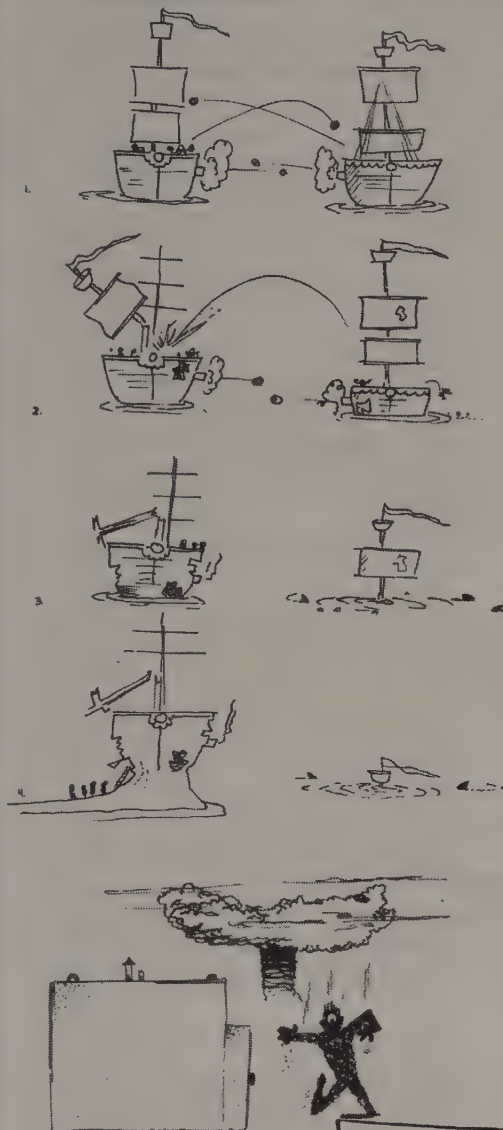


Comm shop

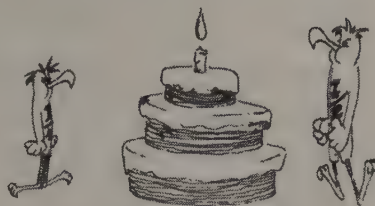


Himself

## DITMORE STRIKES AGAIN



## ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE



Of the birthday of Mach one-half and Mach one-fourth. As of this issue, these two playful dodos are one volume old.

Born from our cartoonist's mind, they have matured to a ripe, old age. It would be a slight to say that they have helped "The Dodo"; they have made it.

Perhaps they will become as other comic characters, an institution, and symbolize the spirit of "The Dodo".





## A GRADUATION CAROL

Four tiny Flynn hunched mournfully over the cold beverages; beside him Bob Crouchett, an inspiring fourth classman, his uniform in rags, blew carefully on the hot beverages.

"Crouchett," shouted Screwed, "get those hot beverages up here and stop slithering. Tiny Flynn, get busy with that orange punch and stop picking your fingernails."

"Yes, sir, Cadet First Class Screwed!" they replied timidly.

Screwed was a hard man indeed: hard as a thousand push-ups, tough as a run to Cathedral Rock. His thin nose, red on the end, divided his face, making his little bloodshot eyes look like two glowing cigarettes after taps. Hard as an AOC, rough as a Flight Physical, this was Screwed.

"You men will have hell to pay for not getting my milk up here! I graduate tomorrow, and the OC caught me scourging one of your classmates! I'm in a bad temper" Screwed threatened.

They frantically began pouring —



liver since wandering into the Academy in June of '58, Screwed had been waiting for his first class year. "Graduate — Bah, Hooey!" he had been heard to say. "I want to be a Pirate forever!" But Screwed was a lonely man. He lived by himself down in an empty storage room. Tonight as he prepared to go to bed, he repeated his favorite prayer: O God, let me be a First Classman forever, I don't want to graduate.... Screwed pushed his bent form into bed. Sleep came quickly. But at 0130 hours there was a noise outside his door.

"It's the OC!" Screwed thought.

Once again there was the strange noise. "No, not the OC, but some doodies trying to get revenge. I'll fix them."

Flying from his bed, he opened the door. Screwed recoiled. A ghostly figure wrapped in grass-stained sheets, dragging slide rules linked together, stood in the door. Around his head was a thick metal band with a strain gage attached to the side.

"Who or what are YOU?" Screwed demanded.

"Don't you recognize me, Screwed?" the apparition replied in a ghostly voice. "I am your summer element leader, Marley." "Oh, my God," Screwed screamed, hiding behind boxes and trunks. "But you graduated!" "Ah, yes, but I am the spirit of Graduation Past and I have something to show you."

"But I don't want to see anything," Screwed protested.

"Come! We are going back in time." The ghost slid open the window. The misty snow-filled air swirled into the storage room.

"But the screen!" Screwed protested. "Nothing," the ghost replied, taking a screwdriver from his pocket and removing the catch.

He then took Screwed and they both floated off into the clouds.



"What do you see, Screwed?" the ghost asked. "Snow," Screwed replied. "No, beyond that." "Ah, now I can see!" "Yes, yes, what do you see?" "Just dimly, very faint. I can just make them out. Ah, yes, some of my classmates stuck in the snow."

"No, No, No," cried the ghost. "Look harder!"

"Oh, it's awful! I don't want to look!" Screwed exclaimed.

"Yes, Screwed," my graduation. Would you tell me the who that eager, fresh young fourth classman that I am talking to is?" "It's me!"

"Yes, Screwed," the ghost agreed. "Now listen closely and hear what he is saying."

"Why, I am speaking of graduation!" Screwed exclaimed.

"Yes, Screwed, remember what you said? 'I can't wait to graduate and be like you, sir.' Remember, Screwed? You have betrayed that trust. You have become hard and cruel to your doodies. But I must go now, farewell...."

"Wait," Screwed shouted, "wait, — I have a question to ask. How do I get back to my room?"

"OCA!" came back the faint reply.

Suddenly, in the mist a form came toward Screwed. "Ah, you've come back," Screwed sighed with relief. But it was not Marley. A fat, jovial, round, blessed ghost swept into view, giggling. Around his head was a laurel wreath. He held in his hand a drinking mug with the letters '62 inscribed on it in bold red.

"I am the spirit of graduation present," he giggled.

"No, no!" Screwed screamed. "NOT!"

"What do you see, Screwed?" "My classmates still struggling in the snow, trying to get out." "No, beyond that!" the ghost commanded. "No, I'm not there!" "Yes, Screwed, your wish came true. You didn't graduate; you were turned back." "Oh no!" "Yes, that means you are a member of '63 now!"

"Oh, anything but that!" Screwed pleaded, but the glow of graduation present faded from view. "Stop," Screwed commanded. "I want to see more." But the only sound he heard was a faint giggle.

Suddenly the mist parted and a bent, withered figure emerged. He was wearing thick glasses and had a big D marked on the torn curtain that shrouded his form.

"I am the spirit of graduation future," he coughed softly. "I have something to show you."

"No more, please, please..." Screwed pleaded.

"Open your eyes, Screwed. What do you see?" the ghost moaned, and with quick after-thoughts added, "And I don't mean your screaming, cursing classmates stuck in the snow." "The air garden." "Who is that bent old man digging a hole and carting the dirt to another hole?"

"It's me!"

"Yes it's you, Screwed, and that is your doom unless you change your ways and help Tiny Flynn and poor Crouchett," the ghost predicted. "A digger forever." "No, no, I'll change!" Screwed cried. "I'll change, I'll change!"

"Act quickly," came the ghostly reply.

Screwed sat up in bed, sweat on his brow. "What a dream!" he exclaimed. "But I must change and now before it is too late!" Flung back his covers, he ran from the room and down the hall screaming, "Tiny Flynn, Crouchett!" "You, man, halt!" It was the OC. "Where do you think you are going before release from quarters?"

"Sir, this awful ghost, dreams and I MUST change!" he cried.

"No excuses, mister," the OC said. "You're written up."

"Sir, I must change before it is too late," Screwed pleaded.

"No, a First Classman," the OC observed, looking at his bathrobe. "Can't wait to graduate" causing trouble, screaming in the halls, acting rebellious towards the OC. You'll get turned back to '63 if I have my way, — and I will. Your kind shouldn't be allowed to graduate. Your sense of duty isn't developed, it might be a long time, Screwed, before you graduate."



"Oh, no, sir! I must see Tiny Flynn and Crouchett." Screwed begged, licking the OC's snow-covered shoes. "That did it," the OC decided. "You'll never graduate, Screwed."

He turned and walked down the hall. The time, huddled body of Screwed lay crying in the hall.

"Oh God, a digger, a digger, a DIGGER!"

## SPECIAL HOW TO STUDY

## HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF YOUR:

## CRC's

The uses of that compilation of numbers known as CRC Standard Mathematical Tables is rather obvious in courses like Arithmetic 102 or Numbers and Things 203, but what is totally unrealized is the potential of this little book in other courses.

For the doolie, I illustrate an example from the History Final.

Discuss and relate the battle of Casadropa with the military coup of the Alacken Naval junta. Include the names of important persons.

On opening the tables randomly, we can find much interesting and valuable information. Don't worry what page you open to, mine fell open to page 198.

Begin your essay at the top left of the page and work diagonally to the bottom right.

For Example:

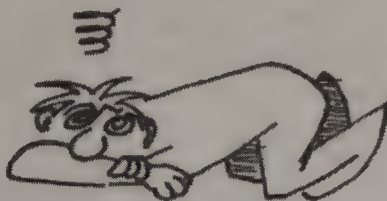
The Hyperbolic forces with a power factor of 2.0345 met General Value and his highly trained Cosh X troops on 28 July (Your birthday is an handy date.) 1514 on the Mantissa Plain. (Continue on like this for your high grade.)

## STAT APPEN

This often misused pamphlet can be used to liven up an otherwise dull Econ paper. I have found that the number of tons of iron ore mined in Alaska in 1523 to be a most convenient figure. (.00069) This will cause your instructor to sit up and take notice of your exceptional paper. Your apparent humor will net you an A for sure on the Econ Final.

### SLIDE RULE

These three parts can be used to your best advantage if you follow our simple instructions. Grasp the cursor firmly in your right hand. Whip the slide rule violently towards the floor. Let it go. Bend over and read the correct answer under the hair line on the cursor. (Ignore the shattered glass, the C Store has a sale this week.)



THE  
*DODO*

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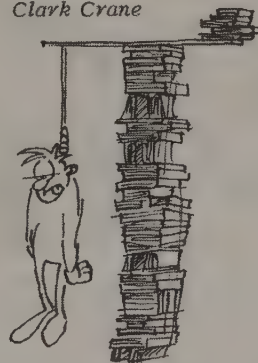
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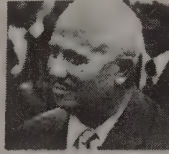
Larry McCracken

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### Clayk Crane







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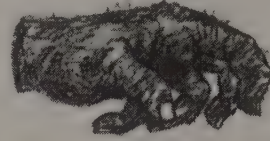
FOR ACCURATE SLIDE RULE READING

This handy item is a must for the industrious worker. Astound your instructor or with the wonders of 100 place accuracy! This quality piece of glass can magnify 1,000 times. Used by German craftsmen in the painstaking assembly of watches, it has proved its worth.

It is yours for three F papers in the compositions course, and a grade point average on not more than 1.22 (A small handling charge of 109.95 dollars is included to defray expenses.) WRITE TODAY:

KARKISHI QUALITY PRODUCTS, TASHAMIA, JAPAN

## Writer's Cramp?



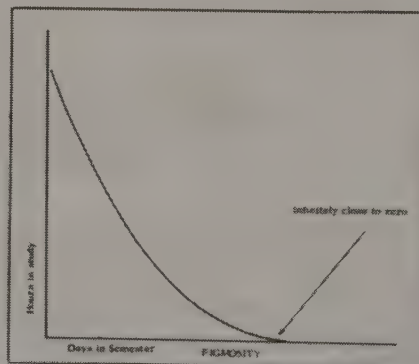
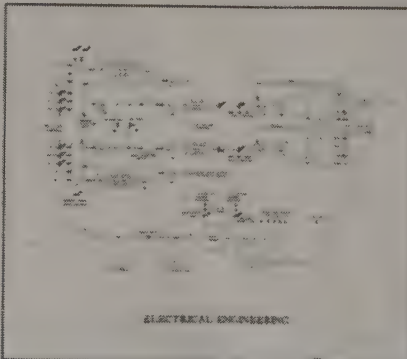
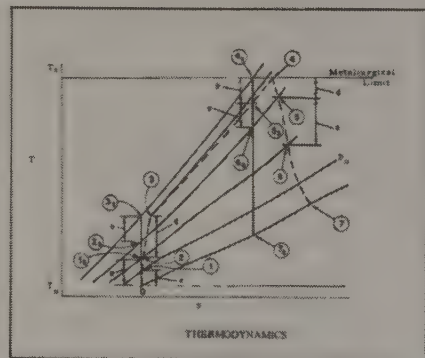
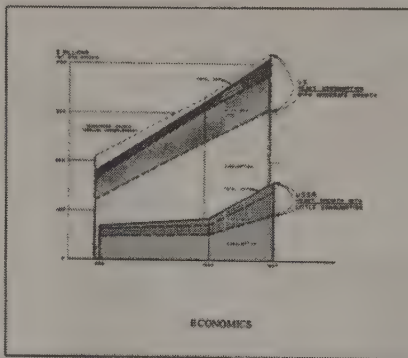
Does this bother you too? Well, it bothered me until I changed to the new wonder method of writing. This simple, 1,000,000,000 page booklet, "HOW TO WRITE WITH YOUR LEFT HAND," has saved me the agonizing pain of essay finals.

You need not worry about paying for this simple booklet right away. Our new revolving account allows up to 15 decades to pay, by simply signing your soul away. DON'T HESITATE:

FAUST & SONS, GOETHEBURG, GERMANY



These charts are a must for finals.





Don't Forget These.....

$$EE = EI$$

$$F = M/A$$

$$\frac{GNP}{K} \frac{GAP_d}{K} = DIP$$

$$MaY \int stud(ie)s = F(ig) M_0 + "D"$$

$$GNP = WERIDUCID$$

$$G-L-70-V_7 + TCP = GARDOL$$

$$\int E^x = BB$$



An old Classic.....

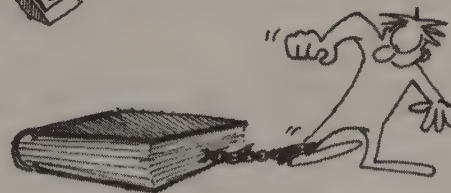
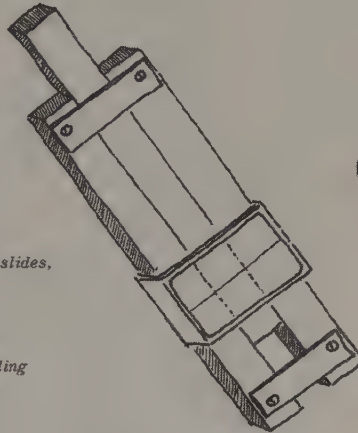
$$\int \text{screw} d \text{screw} = \text{needle} + C$$

## ODE TO A POST

You are a boon to man indeed,  
Oh, Post, slide rule of mine.  
With you the experts laws decree  
That govern space and time.

I carry you to class with pride,  
And squint at your numbered faces.  
Your cursor wonderously slips and slides,  
But of solutions I find no traces.

For in my hands you seem to sing,  
A very different song.  
For though I curse and sweat, you fling  
Out answers that are always wrong.



Now that exams are here your thoughts should turn from the carefree dreams that you had, to the stark realization that there are only 10 shopping days left till TURN-OUTS.

## THE CENTURY OF ORGANIZATION, 2062

### A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Scene I (The curtain rises on a cadet room. Its walls are pasted with masking tape. The curtains are water stained and torn. Around the room are scattered trash cans full of water.)

John: "Well, in another ten minutes we will be off to the History Final."

Harry "Yea."

John: "You got the directive-- fifteen?"

Harry: "For the love of pete! Will you ever stop harping on the directive! Of course, I have the damned thing!"

John: "I'm just looking out for both of us. After all, no more, no less than fifteen."

Harry: "Yea, yea, the first fifteen questions. We all miss the first fifteen questions."

John: "It's only fair, you know. No one fails; everyone gets a C. Remember the scandal of 1962? They turned out the whole class."

Harry: (Angrily) "Of course I know it! They were stupid in those days. Everyone for himself. What a laugh! This is unity! Organization! No A's. No F's. No B's. No D's. Just a big, huge bunch of C's. Everyone gets a C!"

John: "You know, it has puzzled me some time why they didn't think of this sooner?"

Harry: "I don't worry about it. I love a C." (Yawns)

John: "What are you yawning about? You didn't stay up to study, did you?"

Harry: (Quickly) "Of course not!"

John: "You wouldn't be thinking about getting above a C, would you?"

Harry: "Don't make me laugh!"

John: "Well, just as long as you miss the first fifteen questions."

Harry: "No sweat!"

(They leave.)

Scene II (The same room. It is now a week after the history final.)

John: "Boy, I'm glad the finals are over!"

Harry: (Sarcastically) "Yea, happy C!"

John: "What are you so grouchy about?"

Harry: "It's this C business. Have you ever wanted to get an A? You know, a nice, big, juicy A?"

John: "My GOD, keep your voice down. (looks around the room) That's sacrilege!"

Harry: "I don't care."

(There is a knocking at the door.)

John: "Come on in!"

(A group of black hooded cadets enter. On each hood is a big, white C.)

John: "My God! Harry! It's THE committee!"

Leader: "Which one of you is Harry Turnout?"

Harry: "I am. What's it to you?"

(The cadets grab him, and tie him up. Harry struggles and looks desperately for his roommate, John.)

Leader: (Reading) "It is the finding of the C committee, that on May 24, 2062, one Harry Turnout, did willfully and with intent to make an A, miss only twelve questions on the History Final."

Harry: "It's a lie. A LIE!"

Leader: "How else did you make an A? Look! (Hands him the exam paper.) It's your paper. Out of the first fifteen, only twelve blank!"

Harry: "I must have made a mistake!"

Leader: "There is no room for error. Because of your greed we all got D's, instead of C's. (Motions to other members.) Take him away!"

Harry: "NO! I'M NOT GUILTY! NO! NO!"

(They leave with Harry.)

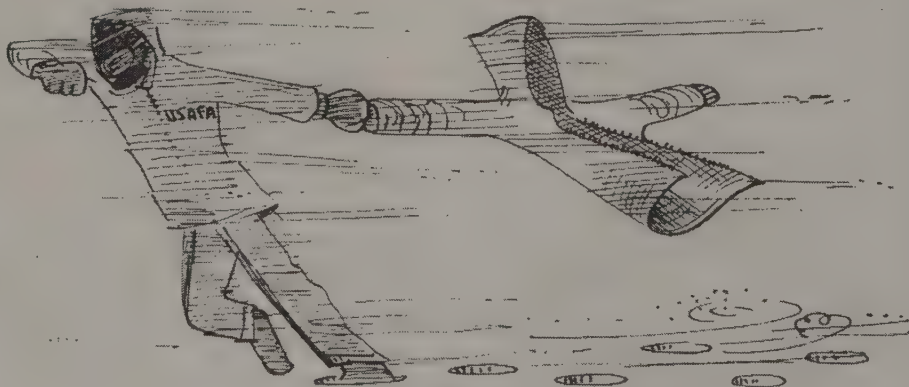
Leader: "And to you John Dingbat I present the Hero's medal for informing."

John: "OH, thank you, sir. I only did what I knew to be right, anyone would have done the same thing." (Pushes the medal away.)

Leader: "No modesty. Wear, it. That's an order!"

John: "Yes, sir!"

(The leader leaves. John stands in the middle of the stage fingering the medal and smiling.)  
Curtain.



"HANG ON, WE'RE JUST ABOUT THERE ....."



"Yea, but why not invite Martha?"

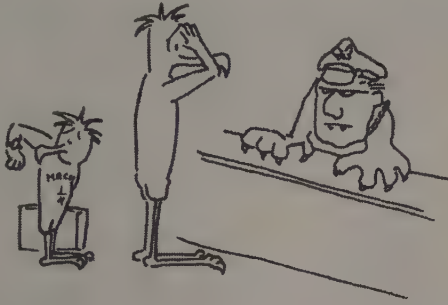
WHD



## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

With the start of the 1962-63 academic year and Volume 7 Number 1, Dave Samuel's creativity ran unchecked, he roused out a staff of talented contributors, and Dave Connaughton joined the melee. As shown in this first cover of the year, all hell broke loose.





# THE Dodo staff

With this issue, we launch into another year of the DODO ... a new DODO which we of the staff hope and believe will carry you into many foreign areas ( after reading an issue, assemble it in the form of a Surface-To-SHINY Surface missile and launch it at the OC, and our beliefs should take form as reality). This year's mag will be directed toward you, and, as such, it is yours to create. We welcome any offerings of genius (literary, artistic, or -censored- otherwise) which might be a dormant part of you. For your ideas WILL BE the 1962-63 DODO ... the only purpose of the staff is to joyously bear that-which-is-certain-to-flow-from-above should your creations gather frowns from our star-spangled overlords.

Through your aid, (and we hope that those many wild illusions which before perished as unredefined dreams will be shared with us) a new DODO will appear every Friday. The contents -- chicks, cartoons, chicks, humor, chicks, news, chicks, sports, chicks, and anything else wildly fervent Cadet minds might conceive (chicks) -- all add up to a lot of fun. But, in all seriousness, the DODO stands dependent on the Wing for its continued existence. So let's all pitch in and make the DODO "the threshold to every weekend." (And, upon reading, fold into the shape of a cone and enjoy a new drinking mug each weekend.....)

Editor...  
DAVE SAMUEL '64

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Bredvik & Malone '63  
Bothwell & Osborn '64  
Gerry Alfred '64  
JM Narsavage '66

The Artistic...  
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Mike Ditmore '65  
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The Pressbox  
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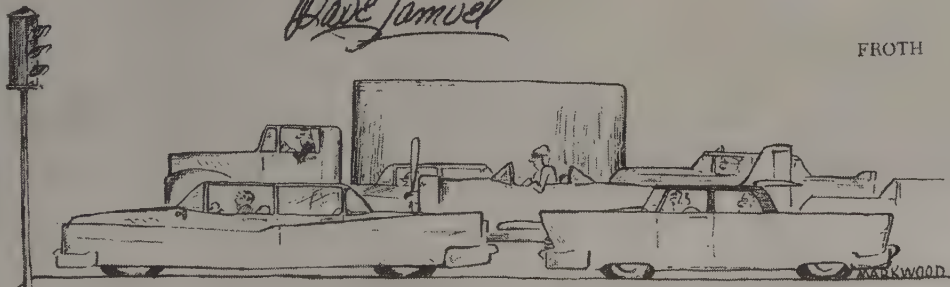
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Grady Gaulke '64  
John Davis '64  
Dick Shuey '65  
John Murray '64

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WANTED

*Dave Samuel*

FROTH









The course of collegiate publications is dictated by the smashing impact of "this day's most absent challenge." Telephone booths, stuffed to, above, and beyond capacity, faded into an era of sleepathons, drinkathons, doathons, quillathons, and everythingnotpreviouslyencompassedathons. Today, every editor is pointing his energies at something which bears a resemblance to practicality...though faint. This...the ESSAY CONTEST.....???????

One might suppose that any idea this deep in the realm of fantasy could only transpire from the Boon Department. But Hollywood brings the thought to us...and the DODO forwards it to the Wing.

**SUBJECT:** "A Cadet's experience which would add to a full length film about the Air Force Academy."

**PRIZES:** 1st/\$111.15 2nd/\$55.57 3rd/\$37.05 (These prizes will be awarded before they may be sliced by those of \$3.97, \$5.00, \$2.55, and \$3.47 fame.)

**DEADLINE:** 1 December 1962

**GUIDANCE:** Use as many Cadetish terms as possible. The contest will be judged on flavor as well as humor and human interest.

**TURN IN TO:** Dave Samuel, Room 5E9

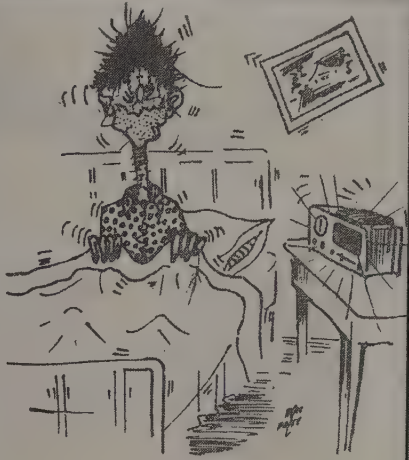
**TO BE JUDGED BY:** Mr. John Monk, Gold Coast Productions, Los Angeles - Produced the movie *No Man Is An Island*.

**ELIGIBLE:** All members of the Cadet Wing.

↑ THIS IS ON THE LEVEL ↑

*Dave Samuel*

Just a Rebel Yell there to kick off the mornin' show, neighbors...



## THE BLUE ZOO

The old sheep-herder planted his staff on the side of the hill, and, gazing down on the scene before him, he muttered to himself, "He-thinks 'tis some form of confine for beasties (he had been in the hills for quite some time)." Then, settling down amongst the fold to observe the action that was going on below, he was heard to remark, "Judging from the colour of their regiment, I shall be-take it upon meself to christen this place of utter wonder the Blue Menagerie." At that same moment, the black cloud which covered the general area parted to reveal the face of God, and that face looked down upon the old sheep-herder and the campus, and God said "so be it," as was his habit.

Now history has seen fit to mutate the old sheep-herder's misnomer, but some of his di-hard descendants still refer to this place of utter wonder as the Blue Zoo. We, as the recipients of this title, should not be too hasty to deny its applicability, for where else can more bestial qualities be manifested into the human form. Think about it, and you will have to agree that our ideal is more of an animal than anything else. Well, even if you don't presently see the obvious truth, perhaps a few more issues of the DODO will convert you, for it is my avowed purpose to prove a worthless point. To the task of cataloguing the varied and rarely seen animal qualities found upon our tight little campus I now find my feeble talents religiously ascribed. Around this introduction you see the vague forms of those creatures which will be spot-lighted on a weekly installment basis. My deepest thanks go out to the courageous members of the DODO staff for giving so gracefully of their charge that I may bring to the scientific world this someday-to-be-praised work. Lastly, my thanks to Jack "The Birdman of USAFA" Oskowis who has spent many hours hiding along muddy paths with a flashlight "at the ready" in order to capture the true posture of "the beast in us."



DO NOT  
FEED  
CADETS

JSD

## THE DOOB SPORTS SCOPE

### THIS WEEK IN SPORTS

(Football)

AFA 25-SMU 20

(Soccer)

AFA 7-CSU 1

(Cross Country)

AFA 34-USMA 24

### THE WEEK AHEAD

FB) at Arizona

S) at Wyoming

CC) at Western Michigan

### RECORD

2-1-0

3-0-0

2-1-0



ALEXANDER HANFIELD ROSS

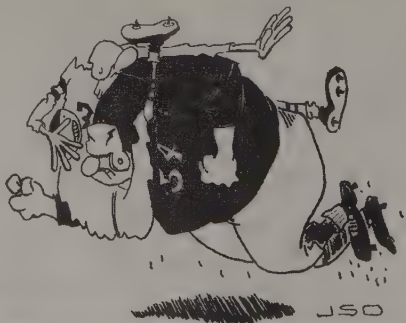


As in the past, better conditioning and sharp teamwork paid off for the Falcon Soccer team as they easily downed CSU by a score of 7 to 1. Jim Renschen led the scoring with three goals, while Al Ross, Jim McComsey, Bill Hoilman and Jim Perry each chipped in one. Bill Hoilman, Jim Renschen, Al Ross and Don Heide played a particularly outstanding game according to Coach Bob Strickland. This week's game with Wyoming promises to be one of the season's toughest challenges as the Cowboys and CU were picked with the Falcons to be the three best teams in the Rocky Mountain area. With last week's 4-2 victory over CU, Wyoming became "the team to beat" and almost a must game in the race for the NCAA championship of this area.

The cross country team suffered its first defeat of the season by a score of 24-34 in a dual meet with West Point Saturday. Running on a wet and hilly five-mile course, Tom Cardoza and Dave Brown were the top performers for the Falcons, placing 2nd and 3rd respectively. As fate sometimes dictates in cross country running, the team as a whole had a poor day and they are expecting to reverse the outcome in their next meeting with Wopoco in November's NCAA Finals.

Flashy end play by Dick Brown, John Fuster, and Frank Ralston, coupled with the backfield fireworks ignited by Dave Backus and Darryl Bloodworth in paving the way to a 25-20

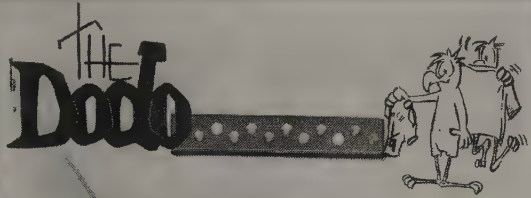
Falcon victory over SMU in Dallas' Cotton Bowl. With that victory in the record book the Big Blue squad now points its guns toward Arizona and the taming of the Wildcats. Ben Martin hints that ace passers Backus and Terry Isaacson may surpass last week's 21 aerials as the Falcons bid for victory number three. Air Force defenses will be keyed to slow the speedy backfield the victory-hungry Wildcats boast. GO...







A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



"Oh...first we eat all the peaches eating  
Em, then we search their rooms for colored  
lights...and then, just maybe--if we drink  
a blanc--legality might tell us what  
the uniform is....."



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



HAPPY HALLOWEEN

..... from all of us on the BB staff





Officer-in-Charge  
COL. VICTOR J FERRARI  
Editor-In-Chief  
DAVE SAMUEL '64

WHAT KIND OF MAN READS THE DODO?

VOLUME 7  
NUMBER 12

# THE Dodo staff



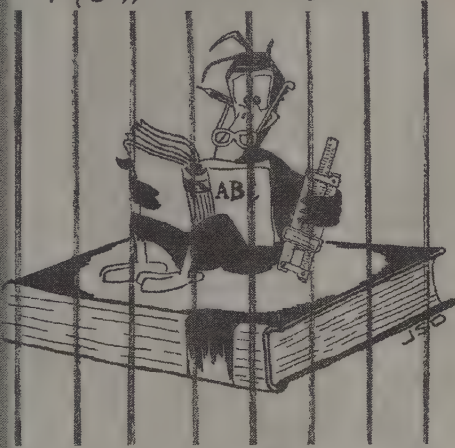
...Creation  
Gerry Alfred '64 (editor)  
Dick Brown '65  
Gredvik & Malone '63  
Steve Mayo '64  
...Sports  
Jim Lemon '64 (editor)  
...Art  
Dave Connaughton '65 (editor)  
Jack Eidson '65  
Mike Oitmore '65

## THE DEPARTMENTS

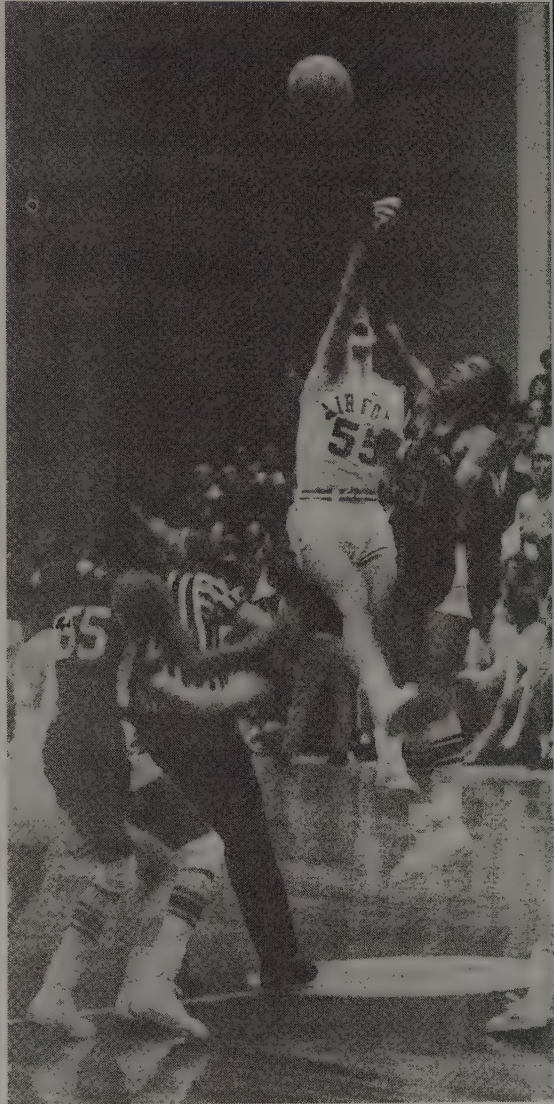
...Photography  
Dick Shuey '65 (editor)  
Will Stackhouse '64 (editor)  
John Murray '64  
Bob Bell '65  
...Humor  
Jim Brown '64 (editor)

...Typing  
Herb Bevelhymmer '64  
Jerry Bolt '64  
Bill Sakshara '64  
Joe Rodwell '64  
...Advertising  
Wade Greer '65 (editor)  
...Girls  
Jack Oskowis '64 (maste)  
...Distribution  
Don Graham '64 (editor)

## The Blue Zoo



"Now, unless there are any more irrelevant questions . . ."





# Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

Our basketball teams played a pretty challenging season, as indicated here, and like all Falcon teams hung in there pretty well. We never had anyone over 8 feet tall - they wouldn't fit in a cockpit.

Saturday night the 1962-63 Falcon basketball team launches itself into the most testing cage schedule ever faced by an Air Force Academy quintet ... and in that opening contest, Coach Bob Spear and his Falcons — Rog Zoeller, Jim Diffendorfer, Johnny Judd, Nick Lacey, Pa. Hinman, Roger Head, John Sowers, Mike Pavich, Rich Porter, and a group of soph hopefuls— may be meeting their biggest single test of the season in Wisconsin's Big Ten favorites. The Badgers lost only one man from the squad that last year was the only fivesome to conquer powerful Ohio State in regular season play. A victory in this opener could spell a successful season for USAFA ... to gain that victory, last year's 2000+ team will have to be on that court. To establish ourselves, 1963 and 2500-strong on opening night, is to begin to pave that highway back to the NBA.

In the only previous meeting of the two clubs, the Badgers captured an 80-67 victory. That was in 1961, and it was in Badger-land. This is 1962, and this is Falcon-land. ITS OPEN SEASON....

LET'S GO BADGER\*HUNTING!!!!

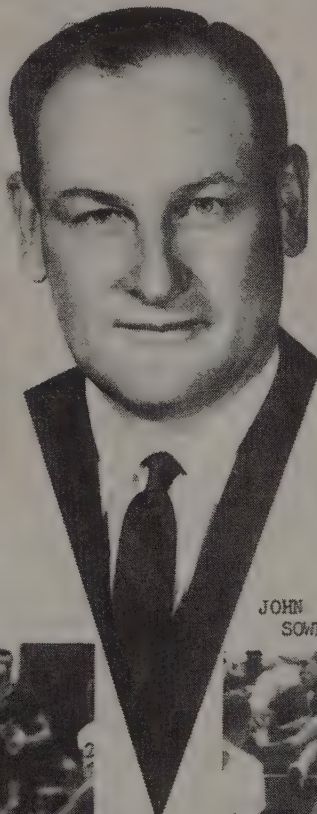
MR. BOB SPEAR, COACH



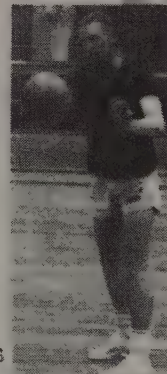
ROGER  
HEAD



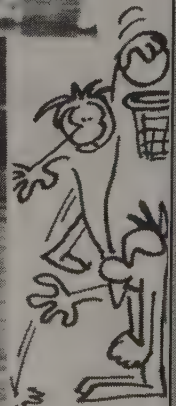
RICH  
PORTER



JIM  
DIFFENDORFER



JOHN  
SOWERS



## THE 1962-63 SCHEDULE \*\*\*\*\*

1 Dec...WISCONSIN  
5 Dec...SOUTH DAKOTA  
8 Dec...Nebraska  
11 Dec...HARDIN-SIMMONS  
15 Dec...ARIZONA  
31 Dec...Furman  
2 Jan...Georgia Tech  
5 Jan...WYOMING  
7 Jan...Kansas State  
12 Jan...N Texas State  
18 Jan...MONTANA U.  
23 Jan...Denver



JOHNNY  
JUDD

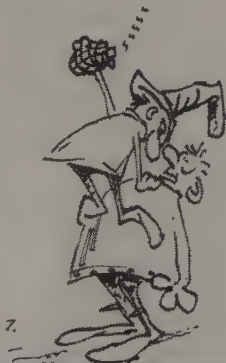
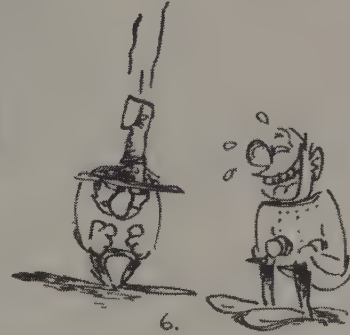
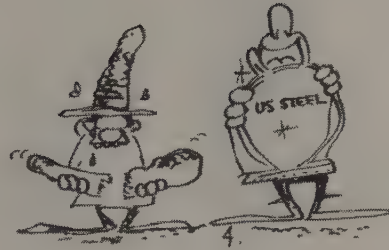


ROGER  
ZOELLER

26 Jan...Wichita  
2 Feb...Wyoming  
8 Feb...CSU (H)  
15 Feb...UTAH STATE  
16 Feb...COLO COLL  
22 Feb...DENVER  
23 Feb...CSU (T)  
27 Feb...Regis  
2 Mar...Tex Western  
8 Mar...MARQUETTE  
\*\*\*\*\*

CAPS INDICATE HOME  
GAME.

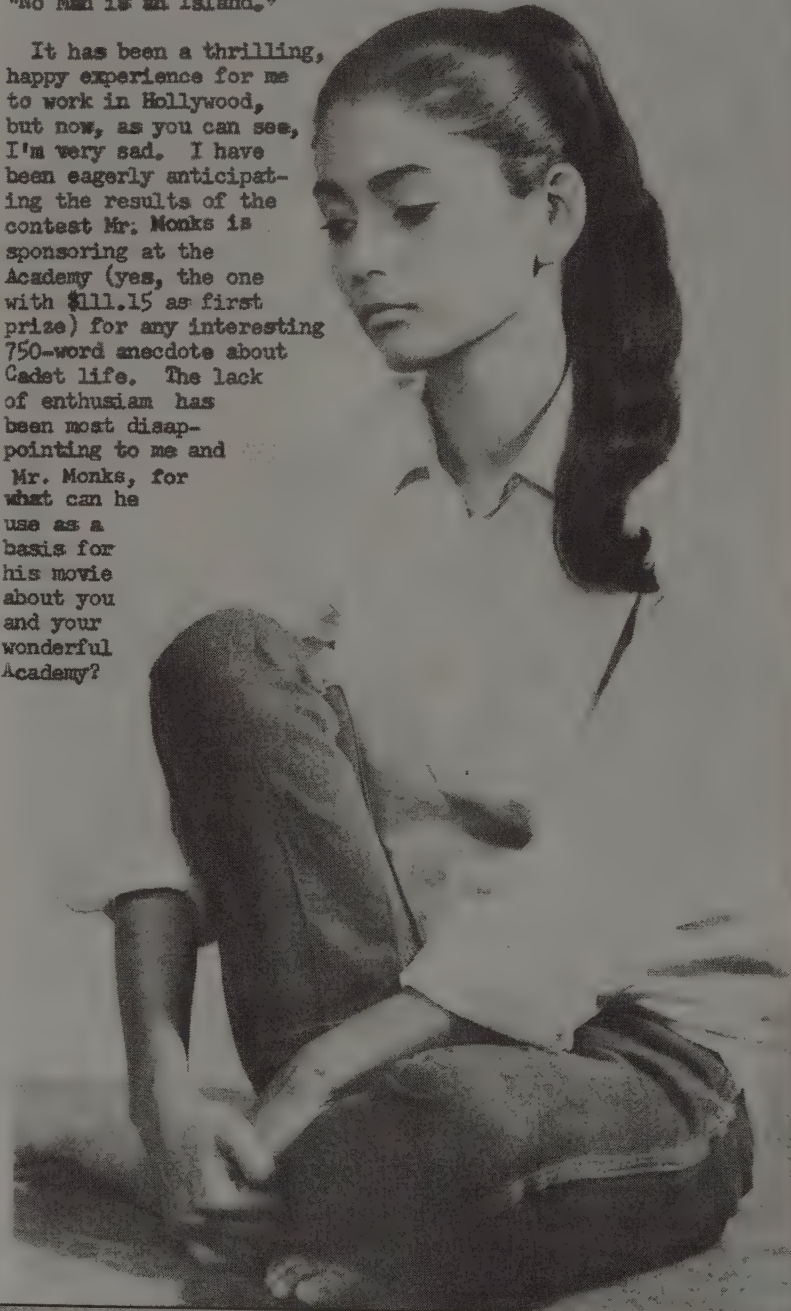




Was the essay contest Dave Samuel touted in Volume 7 Issue 5 and reinforced in Issues 7, 8, and 13 real? It sure looks like it, but we don't recall that anything ever came of it... was there ever a Hollywood representation of USAFA? (Should there have been???)

Hello... I am Barbara Perez,  
star of Mr. John Monks'  
"No Man is an Island."

It has been a thrilling,  
happy experience for me  
to work in Hollywood,  
but now, as you can see,  
I'm very sad. I have  
been eagerly anticipat-  
ing the results of the  
contest Mr. Monks is  
sponsoring at the  
Academy (yes, the one  
with \$111.15 as first  
prize) for any interesting  
750-word anecdote about  
Cadet life. The lack  
of enthusiasm has  
been most disap-  
pointing to me and  
Mr. Monks, for  
what can he  
use as a  
basis for  
his movie  
about you  
and your  
wonderful  
Academy?



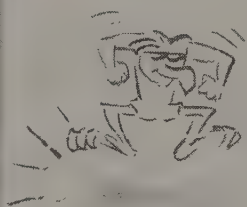
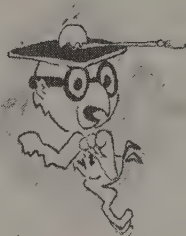
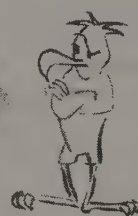


Hi Falcons...I just dropped in to announce the extension of the DODO essay contest until 10 January. My name is Val Varda...and where to find me??? W-e-l-l, if you respond to our essay hopes, maybe I'll slip into something just a little more comfy and join you on a Colorado movie set. Just put \$111.15 in your pocket, honey, and we'll go a long way...TOGETHER.





# THE Dodo



**SPECIAL!**  
BEAT HELL OUT OF  
**IFINALS**  
ISSUE

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

CINGDODO  
Fall 1962  
Volume 13

VICTIM  
SECTION Last -1 -2 -3 -4  
(Circle Above)

## COMPOSITE FINAL EXAMINATION

This examination is not fit to be given to other earthlings; thus, feel unrestricted in discussing it. It is to be given in two (2)(II) parts, the first utterly objective, the second impossibly subjective. You will have 17 hours and 37.6 minutes by the IBM precision timepiece in your classroom. Circle all essay answers. For the second part, use the yellow books provided (this is the golden age, you know). You may start work as soon as your desks are returned from the debate tournament. GOOG LOCKE.

PART I (Recommended time —            sec., min., hr., (13 pts.)

1. It is grubby-looking, emaciated, useless, and may generally be found in garbage cans, wastebaskets, and on latrine floors.

The above statement describes:

- a. My element leader
- b. A janitor
- c. the Talon
- d. all of the above
- e. all of the above except d

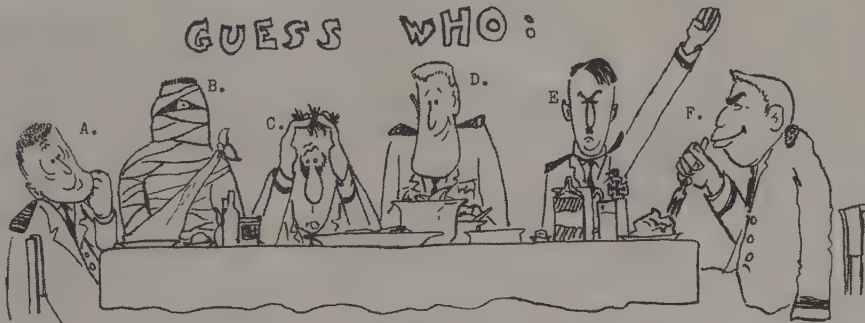
2. Which describes Saturday's date?

- a. She looked like she'd been catching hardballs with her face.
- b. #000;###!
- c. She was worthy of me.
- d. She looked like her face had caught on fire and been stamped out with track shoes.
- e. False

3. How many gallons of water will the chapel hold (Assuming that the chapel will hold water)?

- a. 10,000
- b.  $10^6$
- c.  $6.02 \times 10^{23}$
- d. 1964
- e. assumption incorrect

For questions 13-18 (Matching), Cadets should relate answers to the illustration below. Draw lines (with IBM pencil) connecting answers with related "GUESS WHO?"



- 13. just got off the Frosh football ramps?
- 14. got his new Corvette on 1 Dec?
- 15. knows Doc Minyard?
- 16. is "D" going into Finals?
- 17. exempted six Finals?
- 18. takes Modern European History?

- A.
- B.
- C.
- D.
- E.
- F.

## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

---

In the days before the Grinch Stole Christmas, the spirit of the Grinch was alive and well. Ask any doolie or confined upperclassman who experienced a holiday sleepover at USAFA. Our cover captured the spirit well.





# SANTA CLAUS ALCOVE KIT

Just Arrived! A shipment of Air Force surplus equipment which we are able to sell at tremendous savings. Surplus stores wouldn't take them so they are being offered to you wealthy cadets. (You can charge it to what's left of your account.)



Act now while the supply lasts! Be the first in your alcove to hit-up passing doolies for your Christmas drunk.

Order your kit from:

CHRISTMAS ENTERPRISES, Inc.  
69 Nativity Boulevard, Leaky Chapel, Colorado

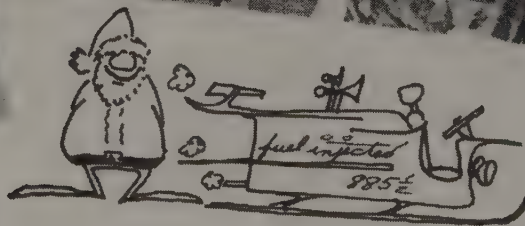
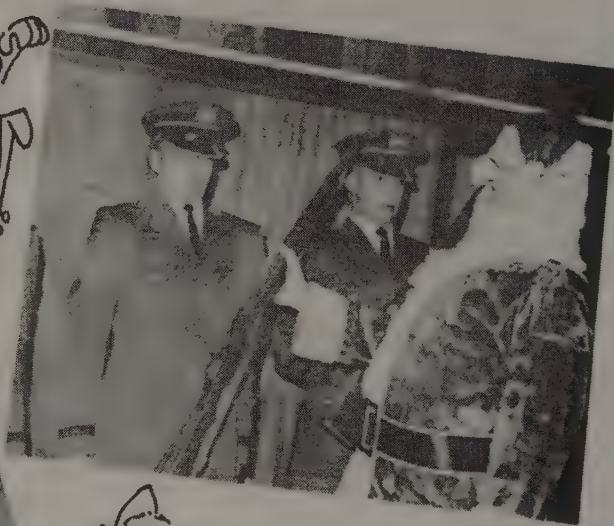
## THIS WONDERFUL KIT INCLUDES:

- Your choice of bright Santa Red or Cadet Monday Blue, 100% reclaimed uniform cotton with slush snow trim and quick release zipper. Includes innumerable zipperpockets and a leather survival shoulder holster.
- Forged Santa I.D. and Santa Givers Union card. Your choice of signatures: Jimmy Hoffa or Dave Sammel.
- Spacious black kettle with a false bottom— room enough for two fifths (invisible plastic tube included).
- Genuine AFA carillon.
- Pile of molded plastic coins obtained directly from collection plates at AFA. Placed in the bottom of pot, it will shame cheap upperclassmen into giving (by definition, doolies will not be cheap).
- Custom fitted sponge rubber belly falsie.
- Fluffy white beard concealing miniature tape recorder which plays, "Ho, ho, ho, I'm a dirty old man."
- Blueprint of Vandenberg Hall showing best locations for collections; e.g., outside AOC offices, etc.
- Black patent leather hobnail boots (combat type)— used only slightly by the editor's mother.

\$18<sup>99</sup>

PLUS TAX

ONLY ONE MONTH'S PAY!





*"Merry Christmas to All."*

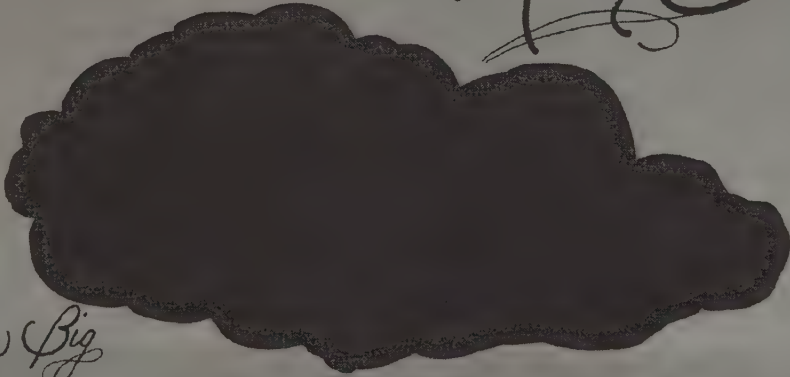


*...and to all a good night."  
The Rode Staff*



THE  
Doob

Welcome  
Home



You Big  
Blue  
Boys!!!



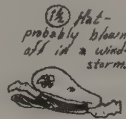
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

## CUT-OUTS for CADETS

- by M.P. -

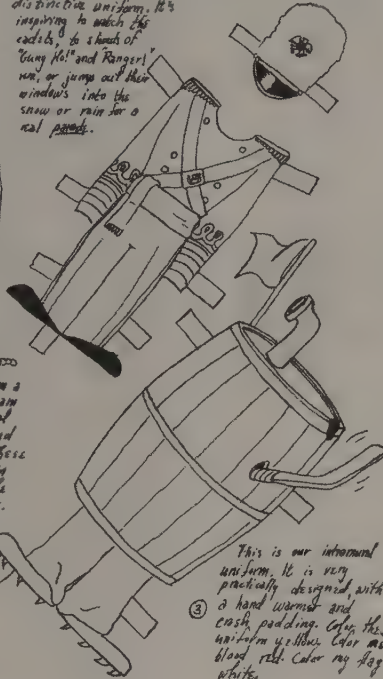


① My name is Milton. I'm a cadet. This means that I am superior in IQ, physical ability, social poise, and know a Congressman. These are the best uniforms in my ward robe. Color the whole page Figure Blue.



② Had - probably blown all in a wind-storm.

③ Frocks - our most distinctive uniform. It's inspiring to watch the cadets, to watch of "Gung Ho!" and "Ranger!" we, or jump out their windows into the snow or rain for a real parade.

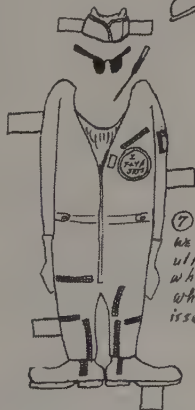
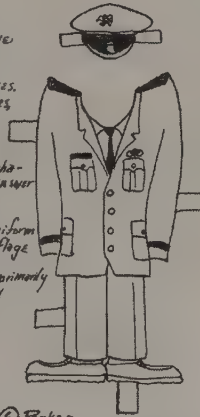


This is our informal uniform. It is very practical, designed with a hand, warmist and cash padding. Color the uniform yellow. Color the blood red. Color my flag white.

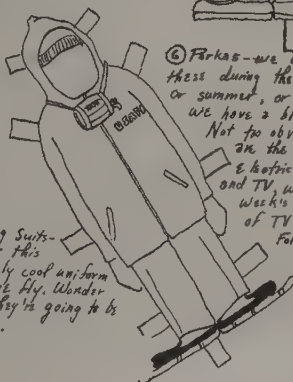


④ Civies - we wear civies every chance we get, so we won't have to help old ladies across streets and carry people's suitcases. We don't get many chances so we take a few.

⑤ Service Alpha - the Air Force's answer to clothes. This comfortable but plain-looking uniform is often a camouflage for civies, and is otherwise seen primarily at Sunday chapel formation.



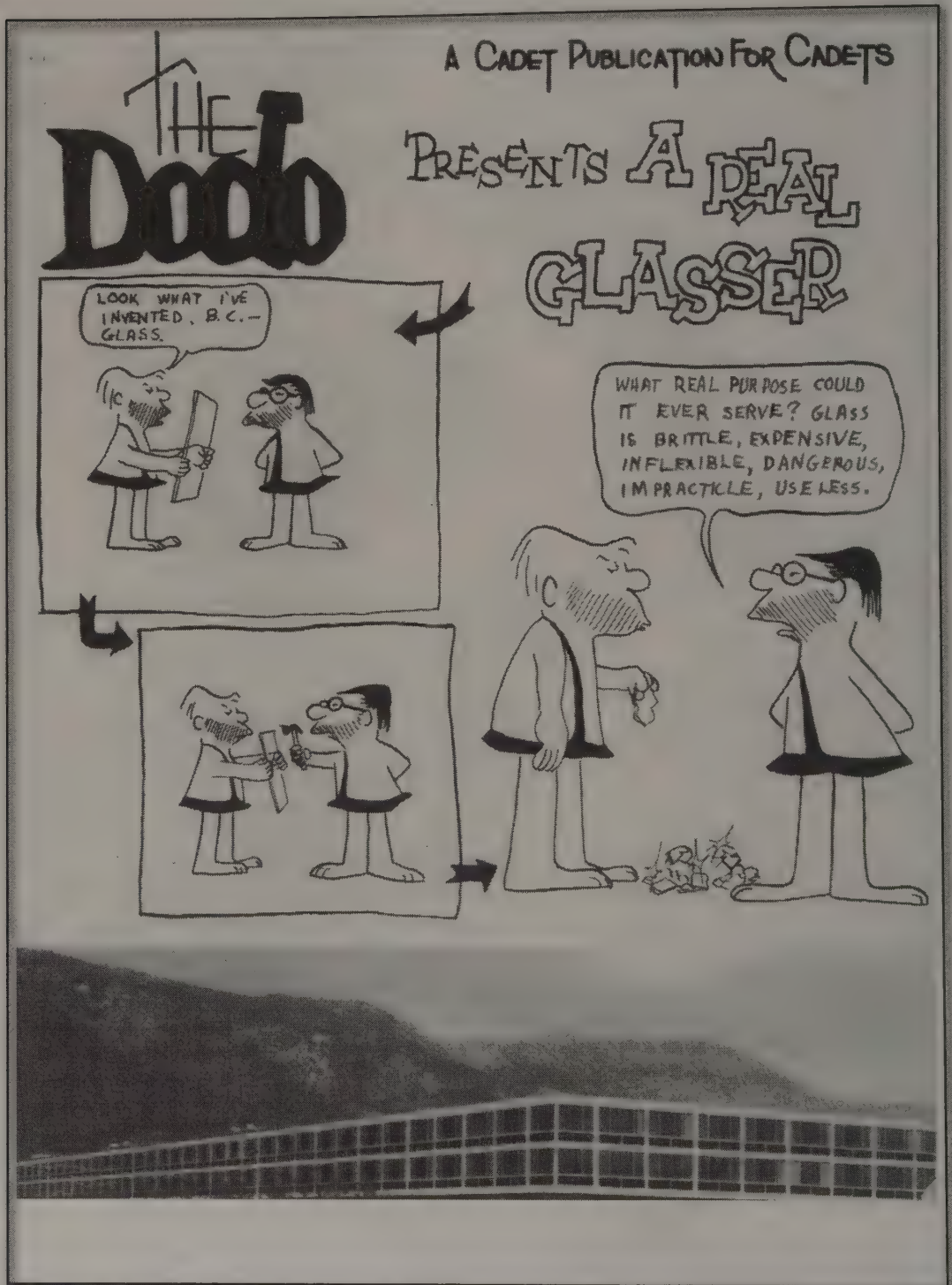
⑦ Flying Swits - we wear this ultimately cool uniform when we fly. Wonder when they're going to be issued...



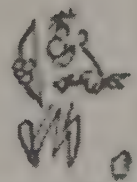
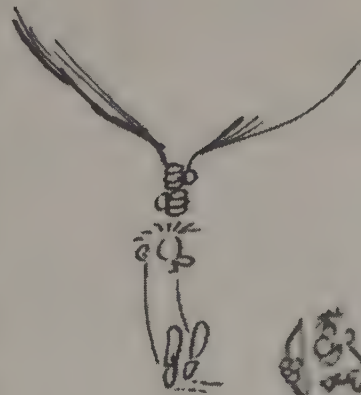
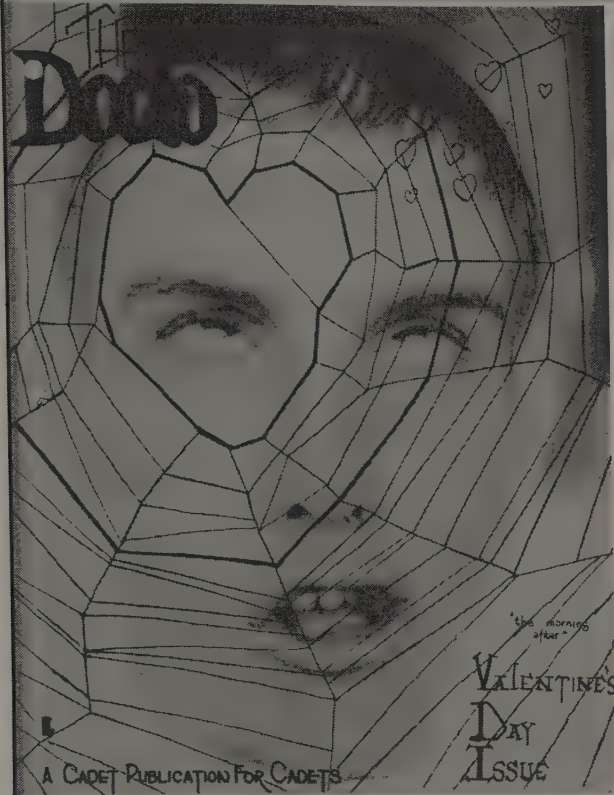
⑥ Parkas - we wear these during the winter, or summer, or whenever we have a blizzard. Not too obvious features are the built in electric blanket and TV, with a week's supply of TV dinners. For two.

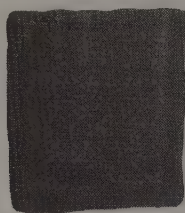
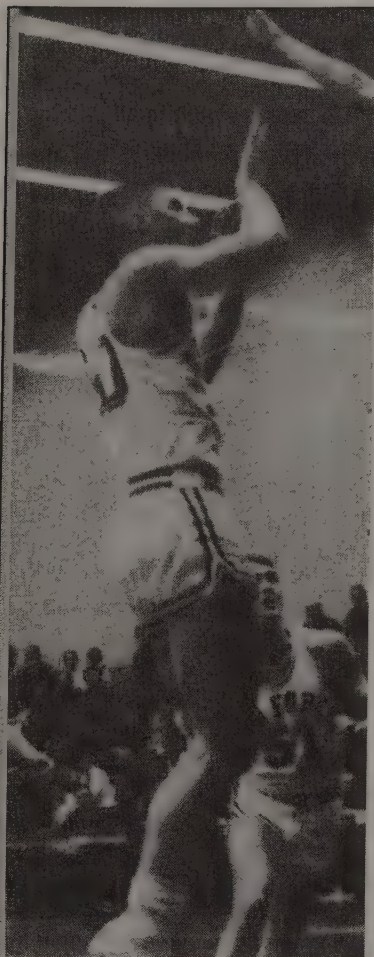


On the day this was published heavy winds blew out a lot of dormitory glass. In the next issue the editor noted that this was a coincidence. We think it was karma, maybe the Dodo tempting the gods.



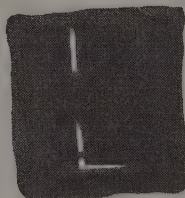






Smelly

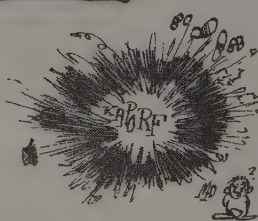
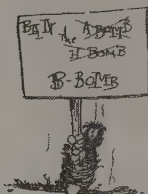
THE  
Dodo



Crash



Plank \*  
Planking  
His  
Plank



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS





In the following editorial, David Samuel noted that prizes were in fact awarded for the essay contest from Issue 5, but there is still no record of a Hollywood movie. Also, be forewarned, mass zaniness (lurking) ahead.

Officer-in-Charge  
COL. VICTOR J FERRARI  
Editor-In-Chief  
DAVE SAMUEL '64

## THE DODO staff

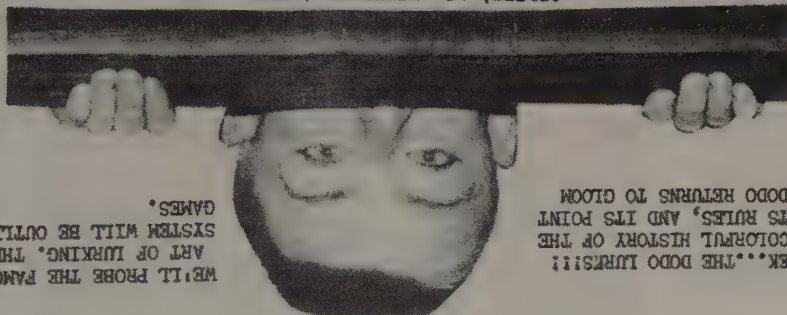
VOLUME 7  
NUMBER 18

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...Photography  
Dick Shusay '65 (editor)  
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John Murray '64  
Bob Bell '65  
...Spacemate  
Jerry Gittlein '64 (editor)

...Typing  
Herb Bevalhymmer '64  
Jerry Bolt '64  
Bill Sakshere '64  
Joe Rodwell '64  
...Advertising  
Wade Greer '65 (editor)  
...Humor  
Jim Brown '64 (editor)  
...Distribution  
Don Graham '64 (editor)



WE'LL PROBE THE FAMOUS YESTERDAY'S  
ART OF LURKING. THE OBJECT OF THE  
SYSTEM WILL BE OBTAINED. JOIN US  
GAMES.

NEXT WEEK...THE DODO LURKERS!!!  
IN 3 COLORFUL HISTORY OF THE  
GAME, ITS RULES, AND ITS POINT  
WOOD

Dear Hearts, Last week three checks totaling more than 200 post-B.C. Age clams were distributed to the winners of the DODO essay contest. Feeling much like Michael Anthony in a classic blue suit, I presented the following prizes: 1st) \$111.15 to Cadet Al Ragsdale, 23rd Squadron, for "A DAY IN MAY" 2nd) \$55.58 to Cadet J. Thomas Evans, 5th Squadron, for "ESSAY ON CADET LIFE" 3rd) \$37.50 to Cadet Warren E. Manchess, 21th Squadron, for "DOOLIE SUMMER." Well, now that the readers know which of their buddies are buying the next round (s), I might introduce an interesting sidelight of the contest. Only nine Cadets entered -- that gave each a glaring 3:1 chance at paying more taxes. So aren't you glad you didn't take that chance?

DODO bombardment by bombshell ANN-MARGRET is no off-target operation...and we think we'll accent past requests in maintaining the same bomb run for the next couple of weeks. (Note the prime military influence deep within those words -- the DODO has "fell in.")

Any Squadrons who have briefs that might be of interest to the Wing are invited to forward them to the DODO for publication (these briefs do not come in pairs !!). To inaugurate this idea, we note that Twentieth Squadron has adopted the Troll. His formal entrance into the Squadron, a gala ceremony in the Tradition of the Queen's Coronation, came the night before the TROLLS copped the Wing Water Polo Championship...which called for another gala ceremony, this more in the tradition of the ancient Huns.

We've received many compliments of Gerry Alfred's "Anka, Reeves, and Merman" (the Gladiator's answer to Peter, Paul, and Mary) editorial in the last issue. The responses are appreciated...Thank you.

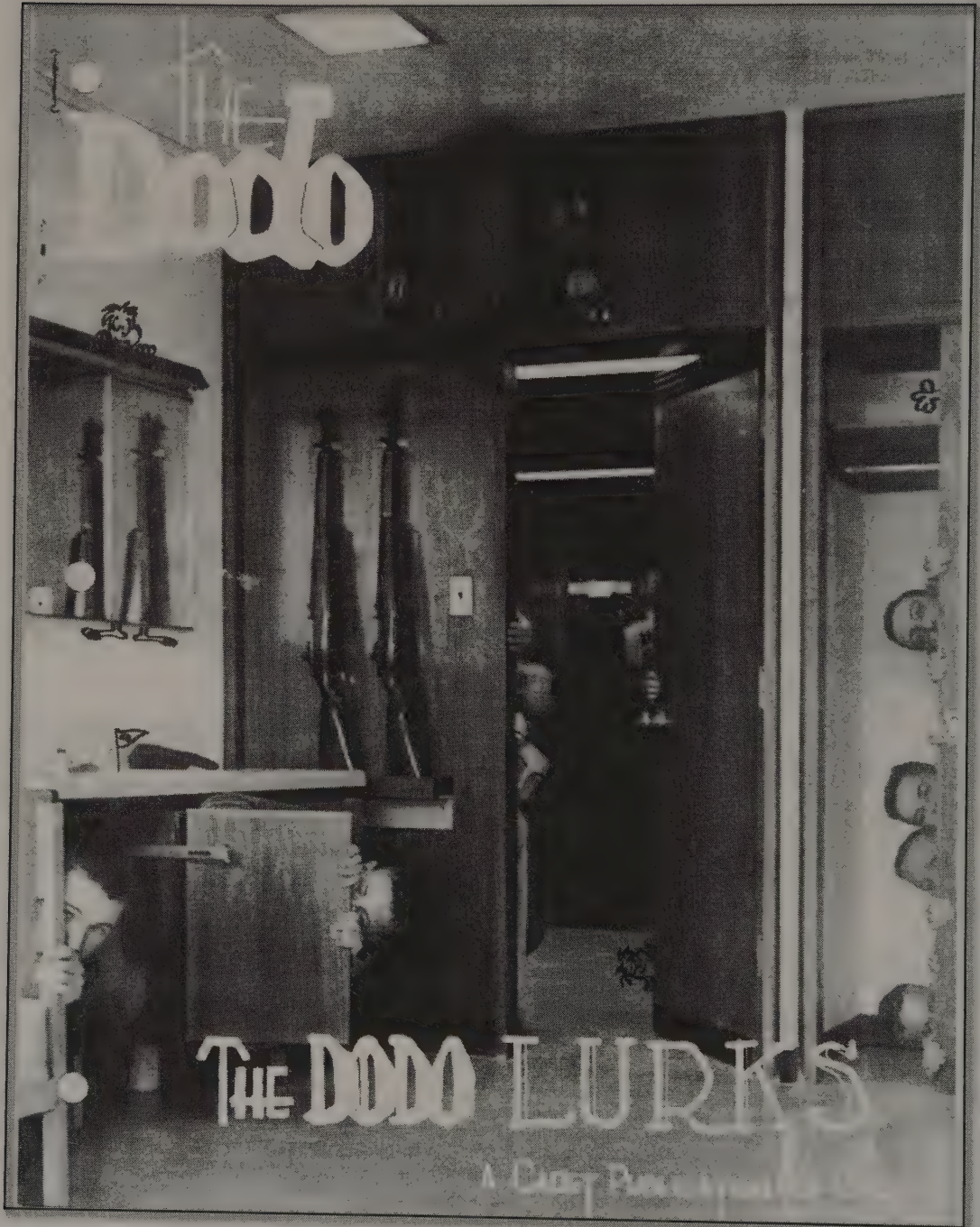
SAM '64



## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

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So what did a whole wing of otherwise normal cadets do after months of confined and constrained living to regain sanity? They lurked, of course, for a week or so, until the fever subsided. Kilroy may have been among ~~them~~ us.





LURKING, according to all interpretations the DODO has been able to master, developed in response to the Dean's version of Gloom Games (Mech, Econ, and Clear Writing). Anyone, or anything, is eligible for lurking points.....

THE OBJECT OF THE GAME: To situate one's self in such a position as to cast a sheltered gaze upon an unwary victim. Only the eyes, forehead, bridge of nose, and hands may be exposed in executing a valid lurk. (See illustrations) The lurk is terminated upon the victim's realization that he is being lurked. Points are awarded according to overall conditions involved in the lurk -- where, how, at whom, for how long, and the degree of shock experienced by victim. A deeper probe into the Official Lusty Lurker Recommendation System is included on the next page.

MATERIALS NEEDED: Simply, a certain yet very definite degree of absolute idiocy.

TO BEGIN: Post down to the Flight Sergeant's lodging. Ask him if you may inspect your record of demerits for the month. Dependent upon the results, proceed to Wing Ops, your AOC, CWC, or your pad, and commence to join in USAFA Gloom Games -- '63.

Our thanx to 8th Sqdn. for its help in this issue.

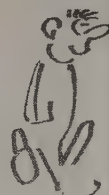
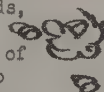
## "...FROM THOSE FAMOUS LURKS OF YESTERYEAR"

In unfolding the pages of history, one could trace many colorful yesterdays of lurking, its actors, and its actees. The DODO has here solicited from the Lurking Hall of Fame and its hallowed halls of engraved memories a few tales of the pioneers of lurking. Condemned by brevity's necessary being, we unfortunately must omit the lusty lurks of Adam, Goya, Ivan the Terrible, Godiva's horse Tom, Mata Hari, Jack the Ripper, Rasputin, Huey Long, and Adam Clayton Powell.

One of the first monumental lurks was by Rancid von Crandible who disguised himself as a Cathedral door in Wittenburg, Saxony, so that he might scrutinize the fair young damsels of town as they passed into the religious services. He was a marvelous success for a long while, stopping only for an occasional bratwurst. Unfortunately, some heretic pulled his nob off and tacked him full of holes.

During the thirties, America, tired of nothing, lurked. Arf "Jyggsie" Breadline, Econ prof at now-defunct J-Beam A&M, amassed 689 points during one six-month period in the early decade. His last lurk -- around a half-opened garage door at the first 86% of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre -- was worth 41 points (awarded post-humously).

A more recent recording in this fascinating text was a costly lurk through a maze of plastic airplanes, "Heil BAPower" shields, beer cans, foam, and yellow tags. Eleven actees were victimized in this intercourse of two popular undertakings -- to booze and to lurk -- yet once again the latter emerged victorious by a score of 88 points and freedom to no points and 44 months.





Ann Margaret more than occasionally graced the back page of the Dodo. The editors thought she was good filler. We got few arguments from the wing.





# THE Dodo



The DODO "blasted" last weekend — If the DODO had an RF/BA Hall of Fame, we'd enshrine Leo Thomas (in spite of his golden bathrobe) for his work in setting up THE PARTY. We also wish to thank the many wonderful people in Denver who so graciously opened their facilities to the Heymaker's invasion.

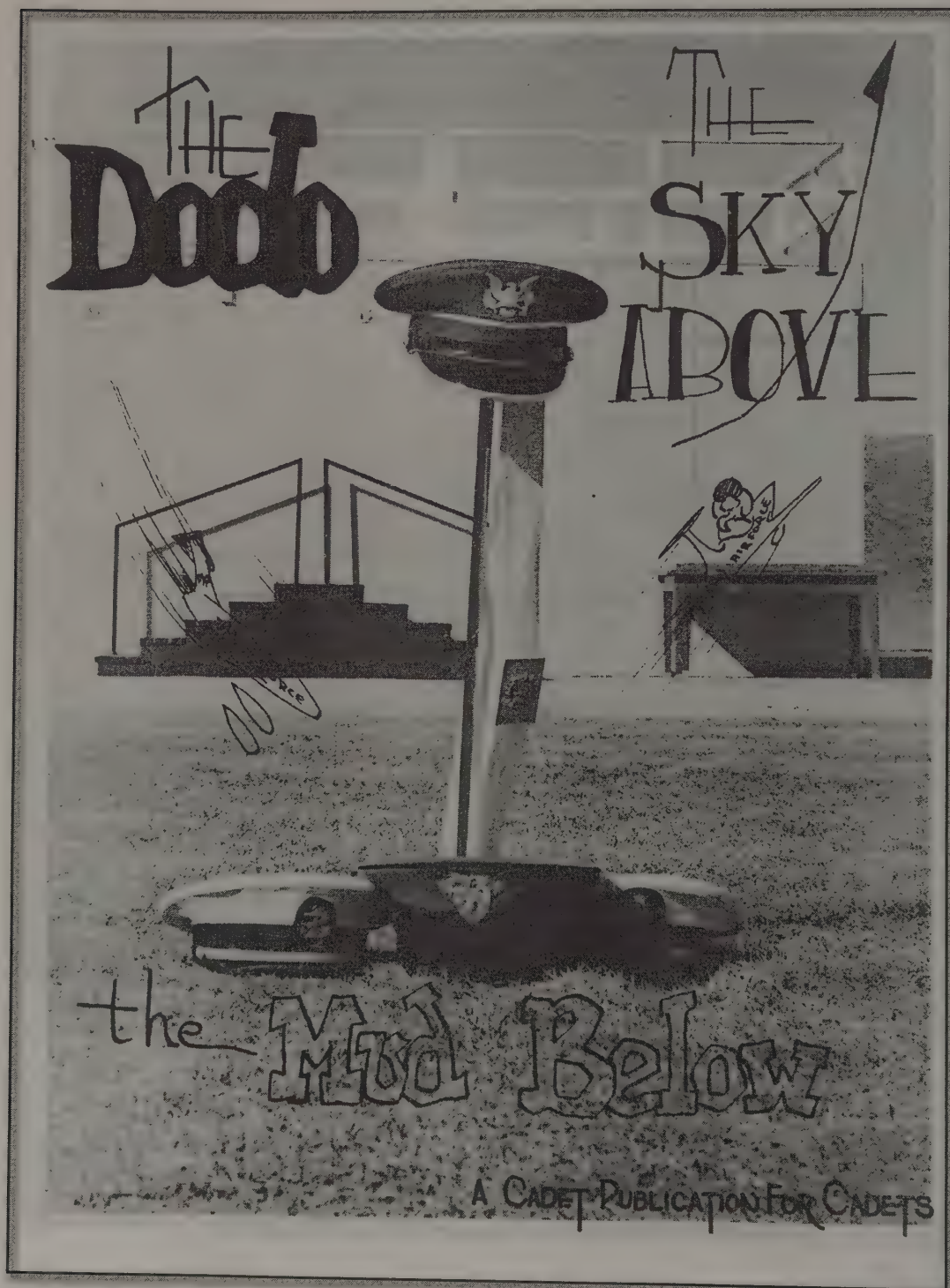
While dwelling on DODO blasts...the TALON, our financial sponsor, economic overlord, and premeditated victim really doesn't fall in the limelight in which we've cast them. Max James and his staff do a top notch job, the censors undo it, and we read the undid. But our stabs are each and all cast in fun, for those guys have a real tough job weaving a happy median between the Cadets and the censors.

Next week we'll salute, in DODO fashion, our visiting guests from the East. Incidentally, Rock Hudson was credited with 6 points for his wedding lurk in Giant.

— SAM

## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

One weekend a year we exchanged a few selected cadets for Annapolis midshipmen and West Point cadets. The Dodo noticed this and commented - who could pass up such an opportunity?

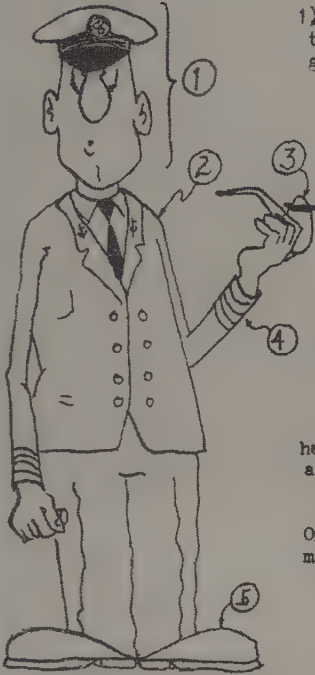


CANOE  
U

\* IDENTIFICATION \*  
OF...

UNIDENTIFIED  
FRIVOLOUS  
OBSCURITIES

WOO  
POO



1) First, most obvious is the bright-eyed, intelligent look as he scrutinize you. Note especially the steady, hard gaze behind which he masks his emotions.

(2) Casual, but slightly outdated black smoking jacket.

(3) Salty sea captain pipe - unlit.

(4) Rankness indicated on his sleeves.

(5) Shoes (elevated) may be white, brown, or black, depending on what uniform he's wearing; black and white both appear as grey, while brown parallels olive drab. On occasion, he may mix colors for color.

Sometimes the below will not always be certain identification since you may catch him in the shower or on the varsity Parchisi court. In these cases, you might observe his mannerisms. He might cry "Rangerrrrr" as he sidles up to the cold water, or say Clauswitz or MacArthur while losing his third game. In any event, you can always ask him; you could have a turncoat middle on your hands, OR an airborne AF Cadet(?).

(1) Faces are pretty nearly normal; don't judge on this alone.

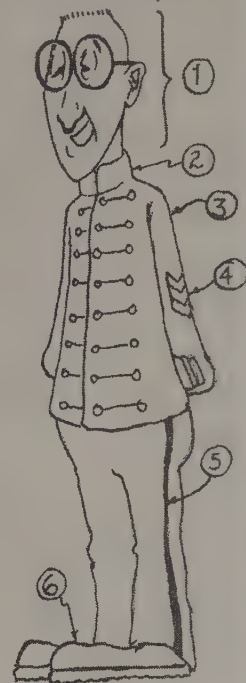
(2) High, uncomfortable-looking, tight collar can be obvious giveaway, but do not confuse with clergy.

(3) Musky gray uniform could indicate highway patrol, or mid'n with lint; but.

(4) addition of oversized enlisted man stripes indicates a desire to play army; hence, combining these two makes for near positive identification.

(5) Thick, black stripes on various parts of the uniform.

(6) Shoes (w/tank track soles) and lower cuffs usually caked with mud, residue from camouflage training of two years ago...



If these most obvious identification features are missing, there are several alternatives open to you. Tattoos of ships, heart, or ( ) may appear on his bony, hairless chest or arms. He may stick salt in his water or orange drink while your back is turned, or whistle "Barnacle Bill" while tying a half hitch in your lamp cord. If he does none of these, you'd better ask him; he's either a West Pointer or a lost civilian!





## The Dodo Sports Scope

There's these two schools- see. 'N' one of them is built in a medieval castle what is older than God and what is north of Joisey and south of Oz. It's got all these guys what wears like dumpy gray Highway Patrol suits only with more buttons and is all the time screaming "Rangerrrrr" and growlin' so's you'll know they're a tough bunch. Well they're the Woo-Pooos, n that's nearly all of 'em except for some what is Plebes. Plebes is not so mean lookin', but there's some helluva lot of 'em and they're stupider than the WooPooos cause the WooPooos is always screamin' at 'em. 'Sides, Plebes ain't got no chins so they're not smilin' too much.

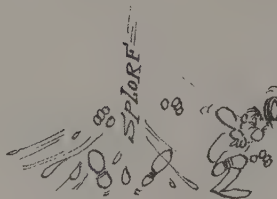
Then there's this other one for guys what likes to sail boats and are salty sea-dogs and like that. And water skiing with Jackie too-and blowing up rubber swans. They call it Navel Academy on account, I think, of what is this custom they got called Armie-Navel Game. Well, what is this Navel first of all? It is like a Bellybutton only is much larger and is concealed under rolls of fat which is like waves which is very, very Navel.

These sea goats once each year and these WooPooos, they assemble in this playin' field colosseum so's they can growl at one another and play stupid games with each other and shoot cannons and be in a parade with all kind of smelly goats and mules. Well while these WooPooos and SeaGoats is so busy yellin' at each other at like 6000 decibels, there is this football game which is what happens in the colosseum.

And all these cats with way out suits with stars and stripes and pretty ribbons and scrambled eggs all over is busy singing and shaking hands and crying all over one another and sipping of hot chocolate from these little hipflasks. I am not sure but one song they were singing was I think "Armie Glue" which is a version of "Love Me Tender" which was by Presley who was also an Armie cat. Well they don't see the game either.



"WELCOME"



- DITMORE



**The Doob**

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

**THE**

**FALCONS**







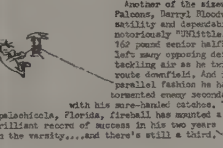
At 218 pounds, lumbering Gill Hocher is the biggest of the 1963 Falcons. His size, coupled with the grid knowledge this powerful giant has garnered from two years of successful varsity, will make "Beary, Y," one of the most formidable challenges enemy line encounter. Gill will anchor the left side of the Falcon line at tackle.



The scouting reports of yesterday labeled this guy "too small"...today these reports read "quick, strong, deceptive — a good passer and a dazzling runner — a great competitor." Terry Isaacson, Senior quarterback from Oak Park, Illinois, has through his top performances many times rewritten these scouting reports. Just as he has rewritten the Air Force Academy record books. But don't discard your spreads yet, statisticians...Terry's got one more year to play. And he's pointing to his greatness!



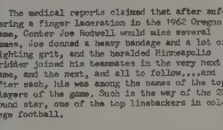
In linebacker Dave Sides, the Air Force Academy has found one of its history's most colorful and hard-hitting gridiron battlers. Here will this season switch to an all-defensive role, and in making this switch he will again leave the same pattern that he has followed throughout his Falcon grid career...for this Independence, Kansas, senior has filled more positions on the varsity than any other player, including guard, end, center, and fullback. Last season, Dave set an AFA record by recovering four enemy fumbles.



Another of the size-wise "little" Falcons, Darryl Roodover's versatility and dependability are notoriously "Dirtbills." For the 162 pound senior halfback has left many opposing defenses tacking air as he twists a route downfield. And in a parallel fashion he has tormented enemy secondary with his sure-headed catches. The Apalachicola, Florida, fireball has mounted a brilliant record of success in his two years on the varsity...and there's still a third.

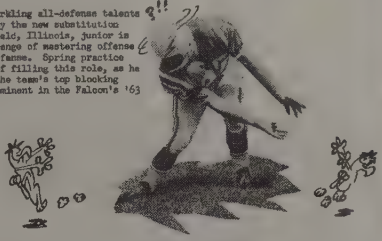


Denver gives the Academy one of its most delicate gridironers in quarterback Dave Beckus, a likeable junior who last season surprised everyone with his talents at the controls. Sidelined for the final two games by a crippling knee injury, and still a question mark until late in the fall practice session, Dave's return will be warmly welcomed by all Falcon followers. Dave completed nearly 50% of his passes in 1962, and as a ball carrier he totaled over 200 yards.



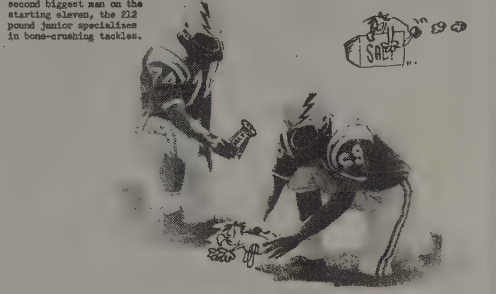
The medical reports claimed that after suffering a finger laceration in the 1962 Oregon game, Center Joe Rodwell would miss several games. Joe donned a heavy bandage and a lot of fighting grit, and the bandaged himesapito gridder joined his teammates in the very next game, and the next, and all to follow...and after each, his was among the names of the top players of the game. Such is the way of the 205 pound star, one of the top linebackers in college football.

Steve Andor's sparkling all-defenses talents have been endorsed by the new substitution rules, so the Mansfield, Illinois, junior is faced with the challenge of mastering offense as well as he did defense. Spring practice proved his capable of filling this role, as he sparkled as one of the team's top blocking backs. Steve is prominent in the Falcon's '63 future.



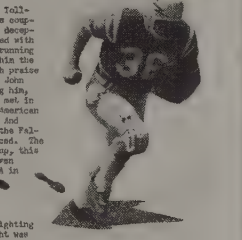
Spring practice illuminated Gary Fanta's brilliance on the gridiron, and if he continues to bless the same trail of success, the Conway, Pennsylvania, tackle evolves as one of the Falcon's top performers. The second biggest man on the starting eleven, the 212 pound junior specializes in bone-crushing tackles.

Tom Gorges' hard-charging tactics, both in Spring and throughout the early stages of this fall's practices, have netted him the starting guard position on the 1963 AFA eleven. Tom was switched from tackle to guard in order to strengthen the center of the Falcon line...a switch Tom himself has proved to be most rewarding.



Corner-turning is going to prove a chore for Falcon opponent in 1963. For in 6'9", 171 pound and John Fuster, the AFA has one of the Rocky Mountain's top defensive cornermen. "The El Paso, Texas, speedster is the least lettermen on the team, an asset which points at John's outstanding wreny secondary in grabbing long TI holes. Deceptively and offensively, and John Fuster should set off new gridiron fireworks the next two seasons.

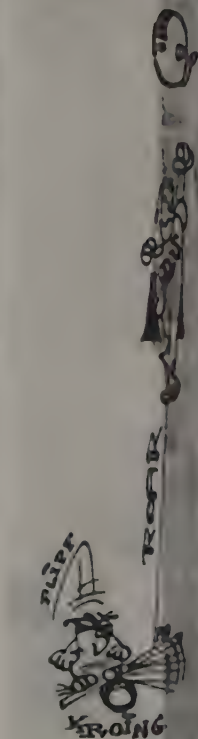
Larry Tollstam's deceptive play with bruising running power made him the object of such praise as Baylor Coach John Bricker's labeling him, "Finest fullback we met in '62, including All-American Ray Hage of Texas." And usually Larry Tollstam, the Falcon's 2'11", 206 pound junior fullback is introduced. The only step to break the 1962 varsity starting lineup, this Lansing, Michigan, product joins to 1963 as an even greater season than the last when he paced the AFA in running yards.



"In size, he's the smallest AFA lineman, but in fighting spirit, he's one of the biggest." And this thought was amplified when the 1963 Falcons elected 270 pound Todd Jageron one of their co-captains. The Long Beach, California, product, a "holler guy" since his Freshman days, serves as a hard charging guard.



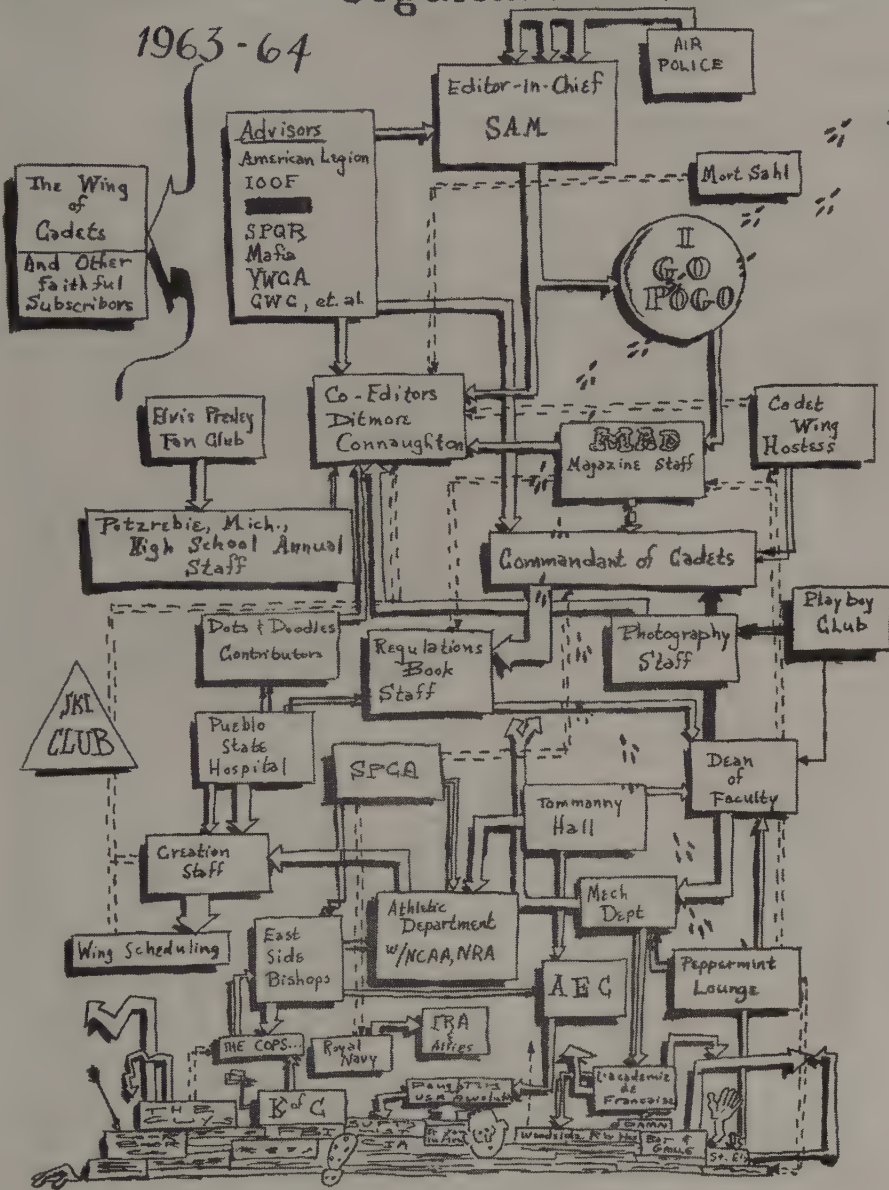
# THE Dooob



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

## The DODO'S Organizational Chart

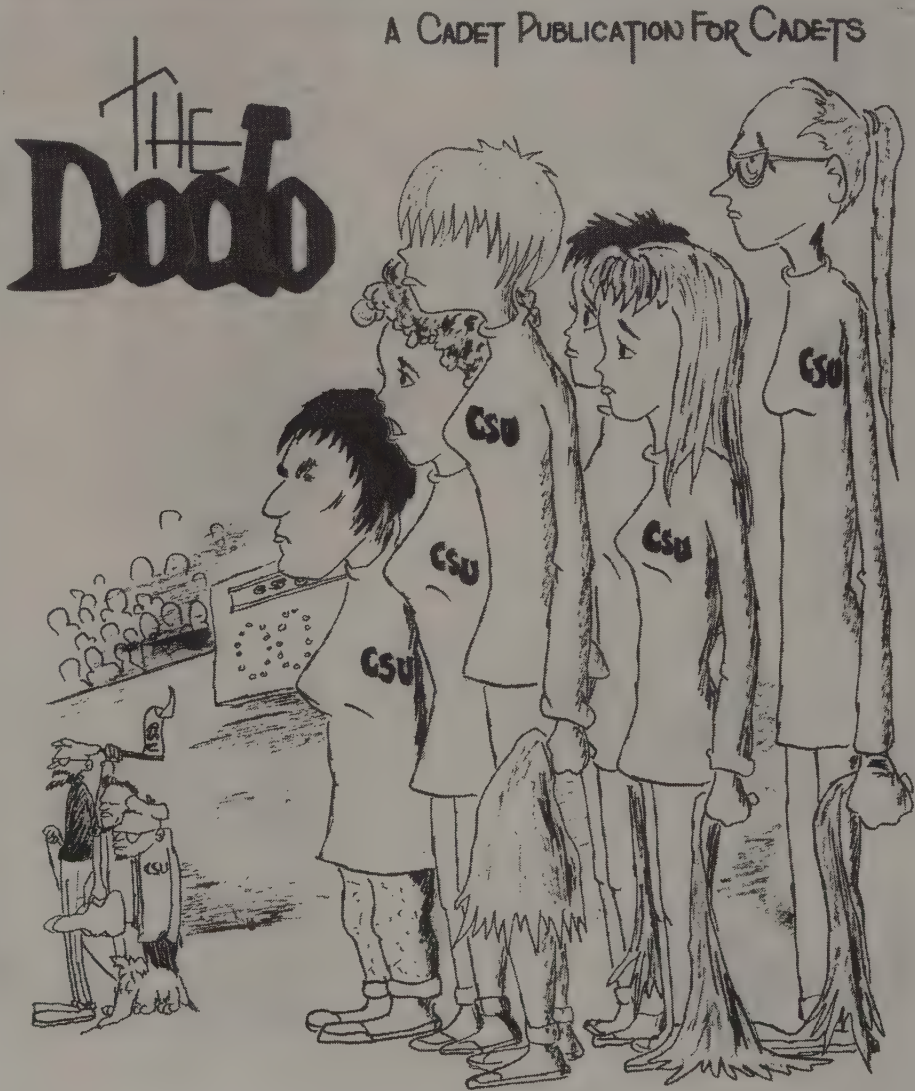
1963-64





## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

Leading up to the late September game, cadets had predicted a 69 to 0 victory over the outmatched CSU. In the event, the score was in fact 69 to 0 late in the 4th quarter, with the Falcons arrayed for a final kick. The cheer 'block that kick' rang out from the cadet wing, and the otherwise unerring kicker missed an easy chip shot. Fun for the wing, but...



BLOCK THAT KICK ??

There're a couple of questions we'd like to ask you,

"OH, MR. BURKART, I'M FROM THE R"

Mr. Burkart...

THERE HE IS



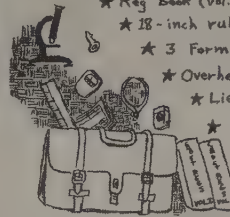
## Now Available!

ASSISTANT AOC's: Brownie your boss up  
AOC's: Get the jump on your assistant,  
Keep your cadets hot with this  
all new for '63

### A.O.C. INSPECTION KIT

Includes:

- ★ Calipers
- ★ Light meter
- ★ Reg book (vol. I & II)
- ★ 18-inch ruler
- ★ 3 Form 10 pads
- ★ Overhead locker skeleton key
- ★ Lieca cigarette-lighter camera
- ★ Innocent-looking navy briefcase
- ★ Gilbert microscope

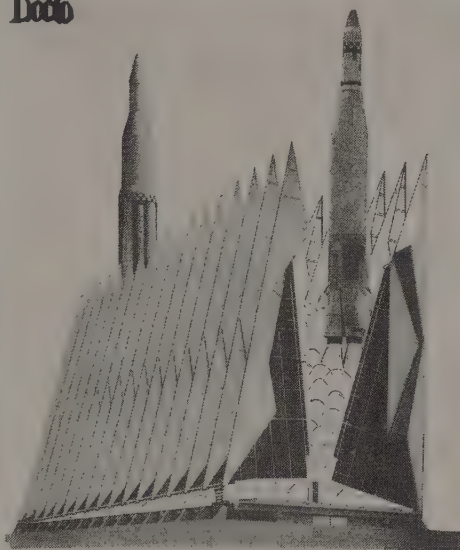


Just \$305.21, FOB. Free  
Valley via unshackled  
smuggling man. Special  
deal for cadets who want to strike back. Order through  
this magazine.



.... MAKE AN APPROPRIATE COMMENT....





OCTOBER 11, 1963

# DOD O

A CARPET PUBLICATION FOR CARPETS



AIR FORCE CADET WING MANUAL

### Training—Military

THE CADET MIND

8 November 1963

THE AIR FORCE CADET WING—USAF ACADEMY

the  
Docto

Editor in Chief  
DAVE CONRAD/CHUCK W.

Other - 2 - Change  
GIVE SAM R. ROSS

[illegible]

Recent changes in the staff of the Dodo, plus a new emphasis on APCWM 34-1, have created something of a need for an editorial, to explain the new organization and the future plans of this hard core of twisted individuals who have faithfully taken it upon themselves to preserve for posterity (CWG, Loreta, St. P's, et al.) the sick humor of the world of the IRI, the econ quiz, and the Wing Blast. With the untimely retirement from this staff of our Leader, the full brunt will fall on the unstable shoulders of the Dodo's mad editor--in-chief, and the rigid staff. The staff will be somewhat enlarged, to better grasp a cross-section of the cadet mind, with interests as varied as from Joan Baez to Rachmaninoff, from blonds to redheads, and to give credit to those who have been giving some of the Dean's time without the stigma of a staff position. The features will remain intact and uninhibited, and our mission will not change in attempting to bring before you the best Dodo of which we are capable. It's still your Dodo.....

Beer Consumption



# The Dodo



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS  
Special Combination Issue

HEADQUARTERS  
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY  
COLORADO

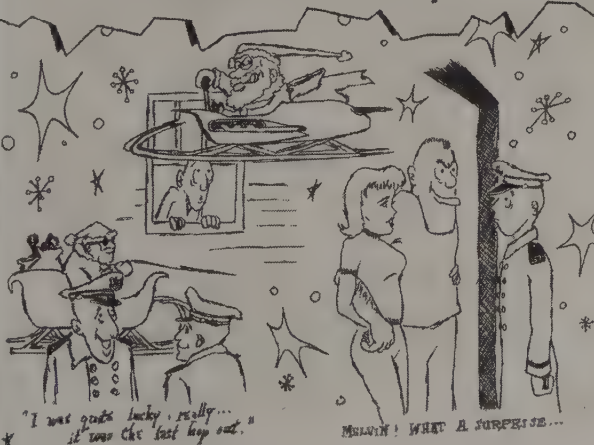
SPECIAL ORDER  
TA-1967

11 December 1963

Following cadets, Class of 1967, are authorized to proceed on or about 20 Dec 63 on leave status to place of home residence for pur pose of attending camp: *[illegible]*



"YES, SMACK, THERE IS  
A SANTA CLAUS!"



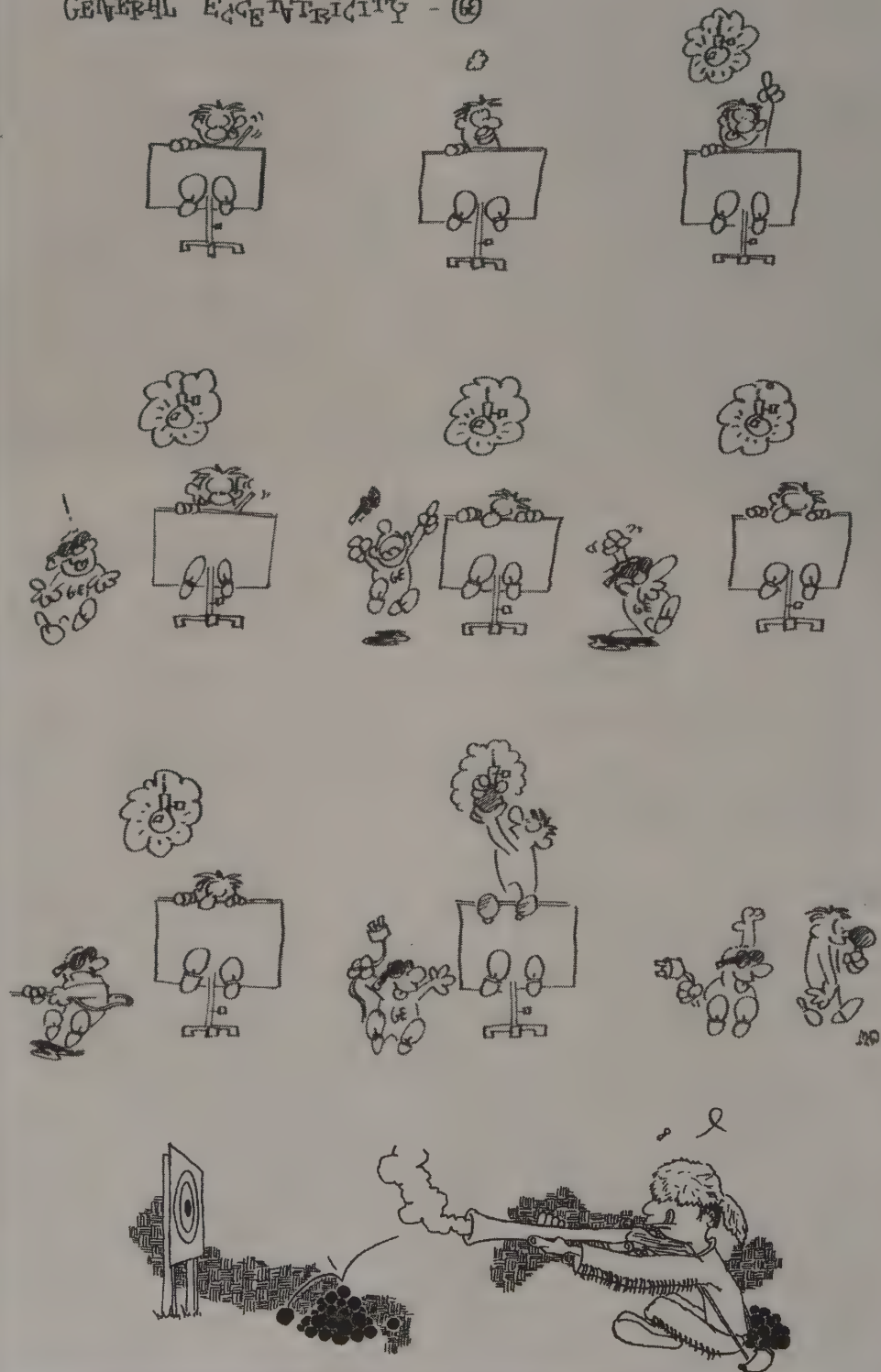
## A CHRISTMAS STORY

"AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT IN THOSE DAYS WENT OUT A DECREE FROM CAESAR AUGUSTUS THAT THE WHOLE WORLD SHOULD BE ENROLLED ... AND ALL WENT TO BE ENROLLED , EVERY ONE IN HIS OWN CITY "

— LUKE: II, 1, 3

ES. TROUNCE TARHEELS...

GENERAL ECCENTRICITY - (6)





A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

## THE Dodo



REPLY TO:  
ATTN OF: CCG

TO: All Cadets

SUBJECT: Reveille Formation

1. Effective immediately  
Reveille at 0615 for reveille

THE Dodo  
SPACE-TE



while most of us (southerners notably) bundled ourselves in heavy overcoats, winter snow, and stalled cars during the waning days of the Christmas season, Falcon grid-ders Terry Isaacson and Joe Rodwell bathed in tropical sunshine, ringed themselves with swaying palms, leis, island music, and hula girls, and capped their brilliant gridiron careers with glowing performances in the 1964 Hula Bowl.

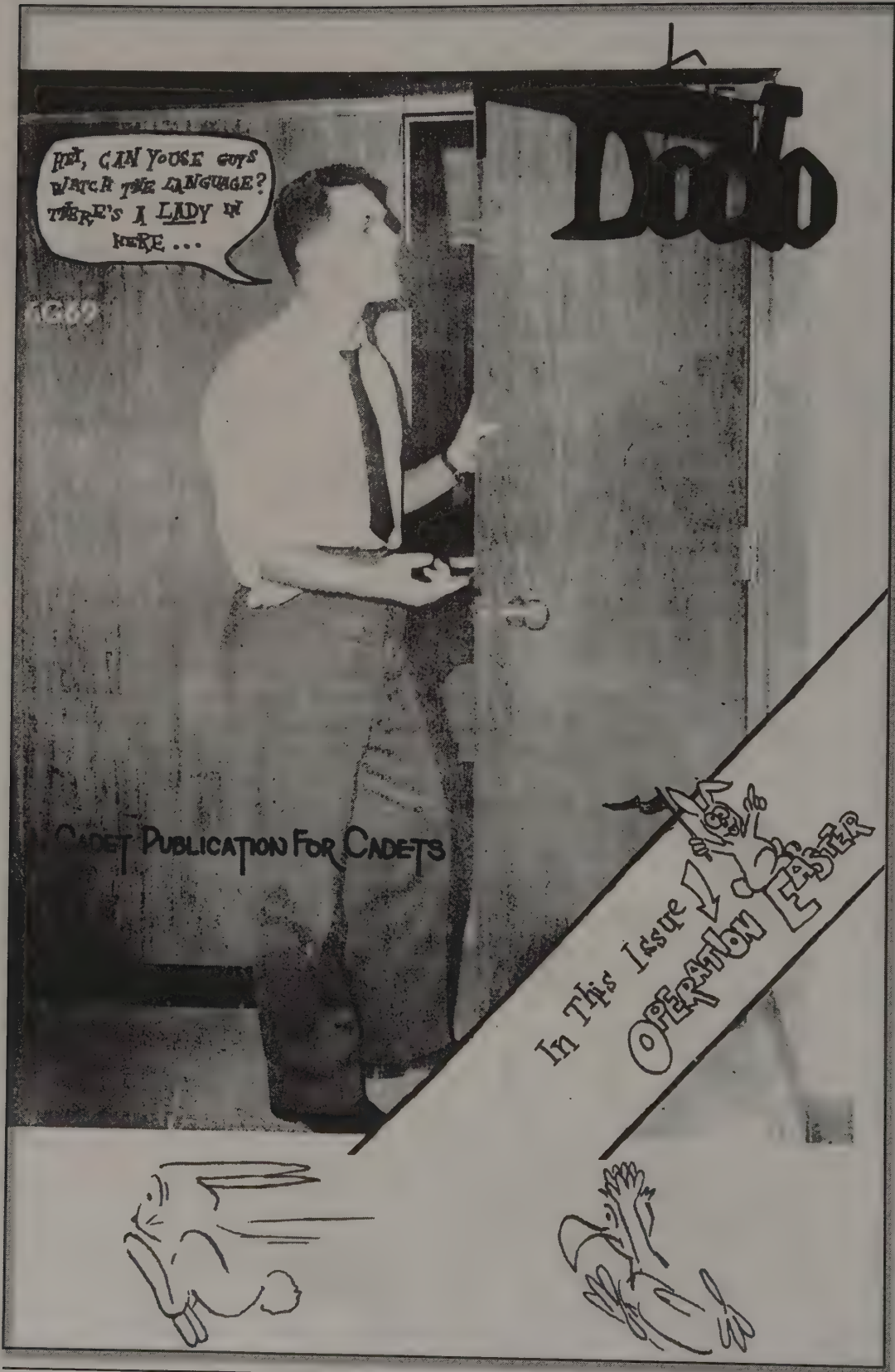
Terry, placed in the two roles which first launched him into the national spotlight, played almost the entire game as the South's defensive safety. The second role in which Terry starred on January 4 as he did throughout his sophomore year was that of halfback or running back and flanker back. Alternating in this offensive role with Luke's Jay Wilkinson and USC's Willie Brown, Terry caught three Don Trull passes and also threw the block that sprang Charlie Taylor of Arizona State loose for a 30-yard gallop and the South's first TD.

Joe saw less action than his teammate, but he made memorable tackle plays he did play. The big senior, playing mostly out of his familiar linebacker slot, nailed the North's Pete Linke (Penn State) behind the line of scrimmage twice on pass plays. Joe also slowed down Michigan State's flash, Sherman Lewis, and powerful Paul Warfield of Ohio State with bruising tackles.

To cap the day (at least at the stadium), the two Falcons teamed as Terry intercepted a North pass and Joe, hustling back from his linebacker position, cut down Northwestern's Chuck Logan to set Terry off on a long return.

ALPHA





VOLUME  
10  
NUMBER 10

## the DODO

Editor-in-Chief  
DAVE ANASTASIS '62  
DAVE COMPTON '62

Manager: CHAS. J. ROSE  
CHAS. J. ROSE '62

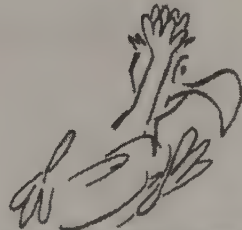
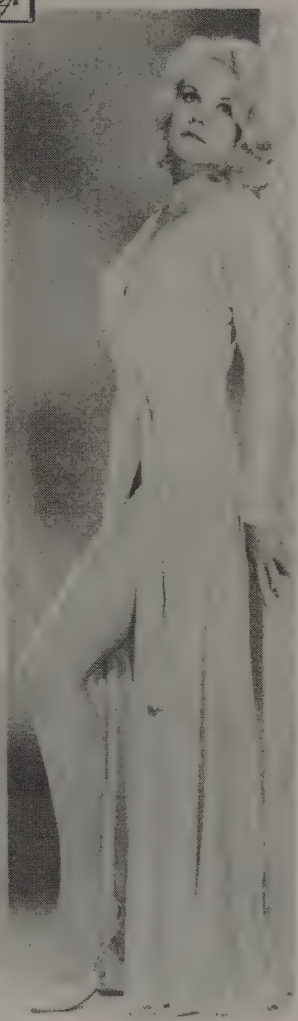
STAFF

CHIEF DAVE ANASTASIS '62	MANAGER CHAS. J. ROSE '62	EDITOR DAVE ANASTASIS '62
DAVE ANASTASIS '62	DAVE ANASTASIS '62	DAVE ANASTASIS '62
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DAVE ANASTASIS '62	DAVE ANASTASIS '62	DAVE ANASTASIS '62



What, indeed, is a DODO sponsorship without DODO fringe benefits? And in sponsoring Operation EASTER, what better frame that a DODO parallel to BUNNYDOM?

Seriously.....Operation Easter is the most wonderful undertaking of the Cadet Wing's heart in the course of the year, for it is the Cadet Wing giving, for a single Sunday, happiness to a group of kids who deserve an Easter bunny. And we of the staff have adopted this project, for we, like it, are the Wing's in Fate and Fortune. We feel that Operation Easter will be rewarding in veins of humor and fun, as well as in its intended vein of making this Easter a real Easter. And we are looking for everyone to pitch in, for then the DODO can promise everyone a glowing fringe benefit-- a big smile on a happy face on Easter Sunday.



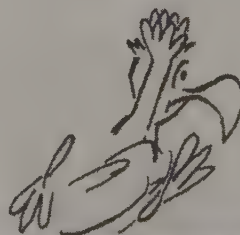


# OPERATION



YOUR CHANCE TO BE GOOD-GUY-FOR-A-DAY (PROBABLY A NEW EXPERIENCE)...TO DO SOMETHING AS A WING...TO IMPROVE YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE...TO MAKE SOME MIGHTY UNFORTUNATE KIDS MIGHTY HAPPY.

IN ITS THIRD YEAR, OPERATION EASTER HAS BEEN EXPANDED TO INCLUDE MORE THAN 500 ORPHANED, HANDICAPPED, AND UNDERPRIVILEGED KIDS FROM COLORADO SPRINGS, PUEBLO, AND DENVER.







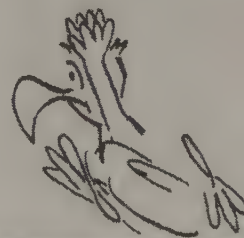
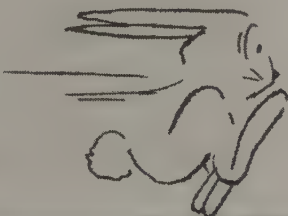
OPERATION WHAT?



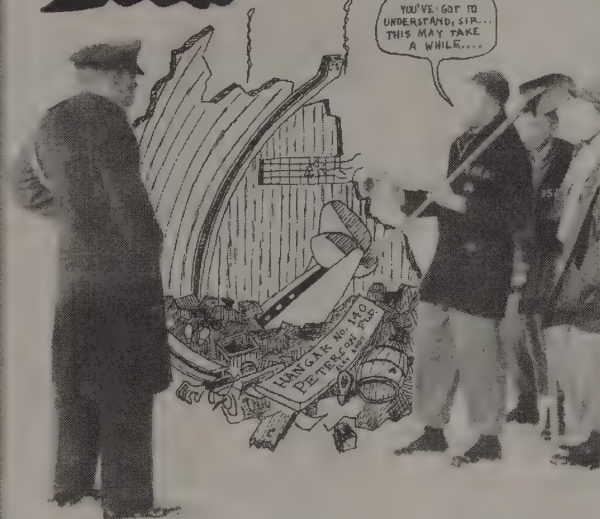
WITH A LITTLE OF THE DEAN'S TIME AND 50¢ PER MAN FROM THE WING, THE EFFORT PROMISES THE MOST SUCCESSFUL YEAR YET.



# EASTER



## THE Dodo



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

In a very rare vein of sincerity, the DODO wishes to thank everyone for the wonderful thought and generosity in driving Operation Easter not only to, but over its goal. The final tally of collections made throughout the Wing was \$1330.13, which surpassed the goal by more than \$100.00. Thanks to every Peter Rabbit.

The job is not yet over, but your early support has indicated that there is little need to worry about the backing we'll get on Easter Sunday. Sign-up lists are now being posted in Squadron areas for all those who would like to spend that happy day with the 600 underprivileged kid who'll be our guests. We are sure these lists will be greeted with the same enthusiasm as was the drive conducted last week. And we promise that this will be one list you'll not regret signing.

Any questions you have concerning the program itself can be referred to your Squadron Easter rep, or to Dan Trial, Joe Bavaria, or myself...and we welcome suggestions.

Thanks again for the wonderful effort.

*SAM*



NOT THIS!

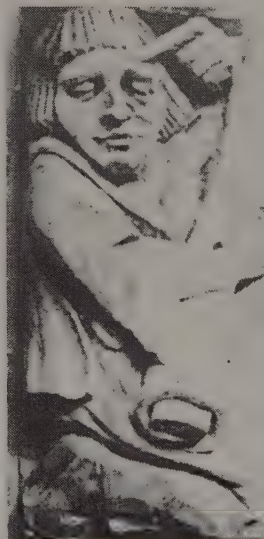


It's New!  
It's Novel!  
(And It's Nicer...)

## '64 M Fesdag

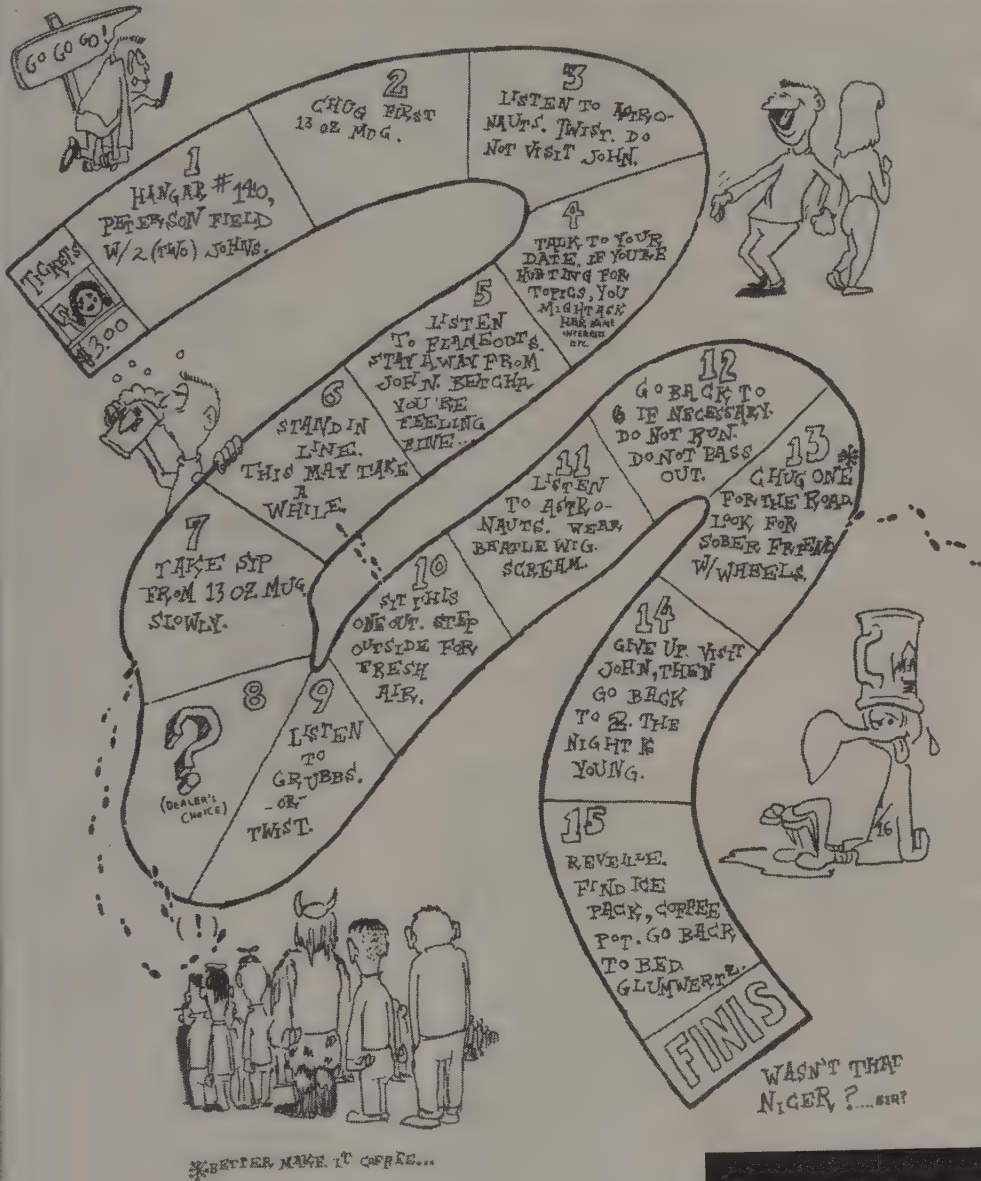
W/ RULES

- 1....Choose neutral ground, such as an oblong, hangar, bomb shelter, etc.
- 2....Wear Nordic-type garb ranging from Viking skins to Swiss-German ski outfits. (Horns are encouraged)
- 3....Bring your 13-ounce mugs, and an exorbitant capacity, for if the almost sixty sudsy barrels are to be tapped each stalwart Viking and Vikingsness will have to make 4 trips (to the beer barrels, that is).
- 4....No music lovers allowed, nor earplugs permitted. And, in good scout fashion, "Be Prepared" for the Astronauts, the Flamenco, and the Grubbs.
- 5....Show up around 8:30, with no promises to Mom about when you'll be getting home.
- 6....Tickets are \$1.00 per couple, and \$54.00 stag. And the family deal includes a twosome of mugs, all the beer you can drink, the Astronauts et al, and two plush Johns, plus free parking.
- 7....Chaperones will be furnished.



"Just a little off the top, and about 1/8 inch on the sides."



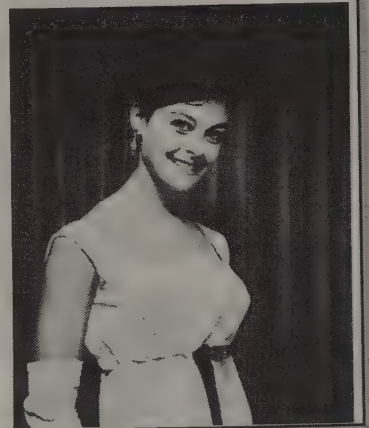


## THE CADET WING QUEEN 1963-1964

CHOSEN THE LOVELIEST OF THE TWENTY FOUR SQUADRON SWEETHEARTS

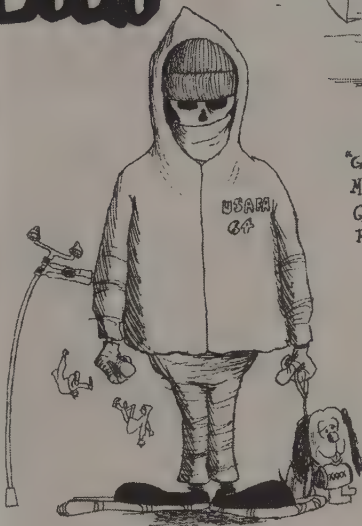
"Hollywood is where the stars rise".....a number, among them Tuesday Weld, Kim Novak, Anita Ekberg, and Jill St. John, were introduced to the magic film land at the Deb Star Ball. In late 1963, ten more of America's most beautiful and talented young ladies were presented as the Deb Stars of 1964. One of those Hollywood crowned that night was Miss Brenda Benet.

But a young lady, so very beautiful, is not limited to a single coronation, and Brenda has graciously accepted the crown and the title of the Cadet Wing Queen, 1963-1964. Our Queen, Hollywood-born and at present a student at Los Angeles City College, has just completed a screen test with Universal. The 5'3" black-haired, brown-eyed beauty hopes this screen debut will at last launch her into the career her years of drama study and modern dancing have trained her for.....a star, rising over Hollywood, so bright that her radiance reaches warmly to the Air Force Cadet Wing.





# THE Dodo



"GROUP COMMANDERS  
MARCH OFF YOUR  
GROUPS AT THE  
ROUTE STEP..."

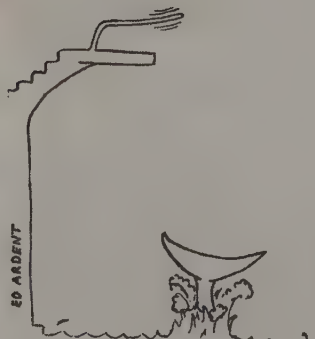
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



the  
**Dodo**  
Our only Medicine



Quick, J.B., check with our Gunny Supply Department...



# Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)



MEMO TO: 11 Feb 61  
ATTN OF: Chief, Office of Subversive Activities, Dodo Division  
SUBJECT: Subversive Insincerity in Valentines Day Love Letters

TO: The Lovasick Cadets of the Cadet Wing (The other .0027) & disregard

1. The wide network of Dodo spies which has infiltrated the girls' schools and academies of the nation has noted an increase of subversive activities among these organizations, directed to undermine the moral health of the Cadet Wing. A special report was submitted to the Chief, Office of Subversive Activities, ASGW (Dodo editor) and has provided an expose of the Valentine Cards being printed by these organizations and has proved the notes written on these cards to be nothing more than form, "cross out the inappropriate comments" propaganda.

2. Below are examples of these letters extracted from this report. Should any cadet receive any of these type letters, he is urged to report to the Dodo Staff and obtain one of our handy counterforms.



FOR THE CHIEF:

W. J. K.  
W.F.A.  
Creation Staff, Lovasick Cadets Division

## FORMAT 1

Dear ( )/John,

Of late, darling, I have been thinking of you (all of the time/sometimes/ almost never/in negative terms) and I have decided that I (love you/like you/ endure you/abhor you). It is because of this that I must(say yes/say no/ think some more/say not only no but HELL no). I think you are (dreamy/con- ceited/trustworthy, friendly, loyal, brave.../a flink). Of all the boys I have ever known, you are the (most handsome/best looking/coolest/crudest/ most brotherly) and I don't know how I'll ever (live without you/live with you/be able to see you again/think of you again/wear your Micky Mouse Club pin again).

So, Happy Valentines, (lover/darling/fink/dear friend), may your day be (a happy one/a wonderful day/cloudy/full of quizzes). Please (write soon/ write/don't write/jump in the lake/stop bothering my mother).

(All my love/Sincerely/Your friend/ ),  
(Jane)

## FORMAT 2

Dear ( )/John,

(Darling/Hello Handsome/Sorry I haven't written,/Hi) I want you to know that I'll never forget you/I'll always love you/I think of you always/ I am fine/I've been busy/this hurts me more than it hurts you). Do you re- member(that picnic by the lake last summer/that dance at Christmas/my room- mate, Jean/my brother, Bill/the boy who lives next door to me)? Well, I have been thinking over the whole situation and have decided that (he is an ut- ter idiot/I can hardly wait for summer/I want a new roommate/I'd better in- vite you to my wedding).

The main thing is that you know that(there'll never be anyone else/I'll always remember your eyes/it has been hard with you so far away/my father is loading his shotgun/he wants to join the Academy/Joe-the boy next door-is the sweetest boy in the world and I think we'll always be happy). So (I'm wish- ing you a Happy Valentines/I'll make all the arrangements if you can go again this Christmas/I'm looking forward to seeing you at the wedding reception).

(All my love/love/Sincerely/your pal/ ),  
(Jane)

## FORMAT 3

Dear ( )/John/Friend,

I stayed up all night last night. I was (thinking of you/dreaming of the last time we were together/on a date/getting married/sick). You know how much you (mean to me/torn me on/torn me off/repulse me). Lately all I think about is (you/your car/your money/next June/forgetting you). I wish you were (here/free to get married/somewhere else/dead). I can hardly wait until I see you again/I'm in your arms again/you go to Viet Nam/you disappear. Until that day, I'll just have to (stare at your picture/pine my heart away/hope you stop writing/hope I waken from this bad dream/have a talk with my father).

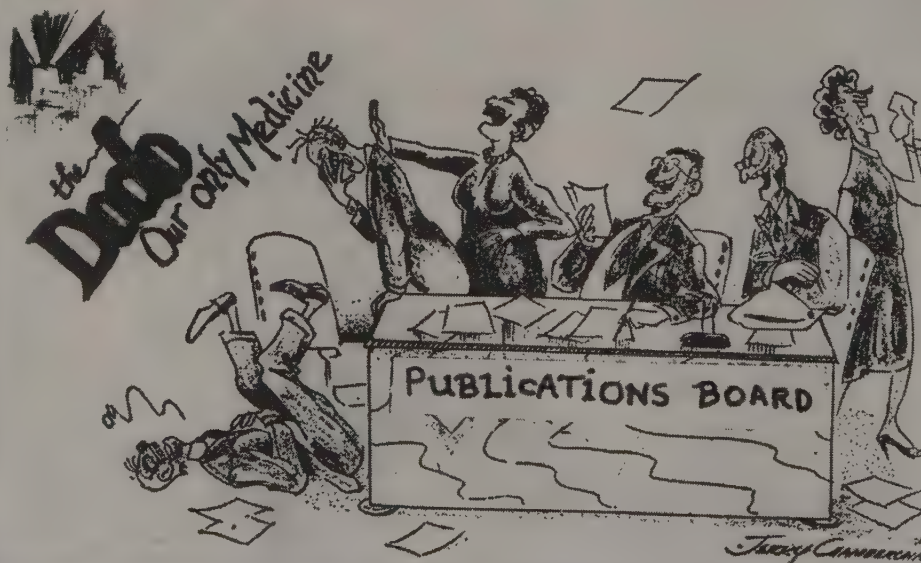
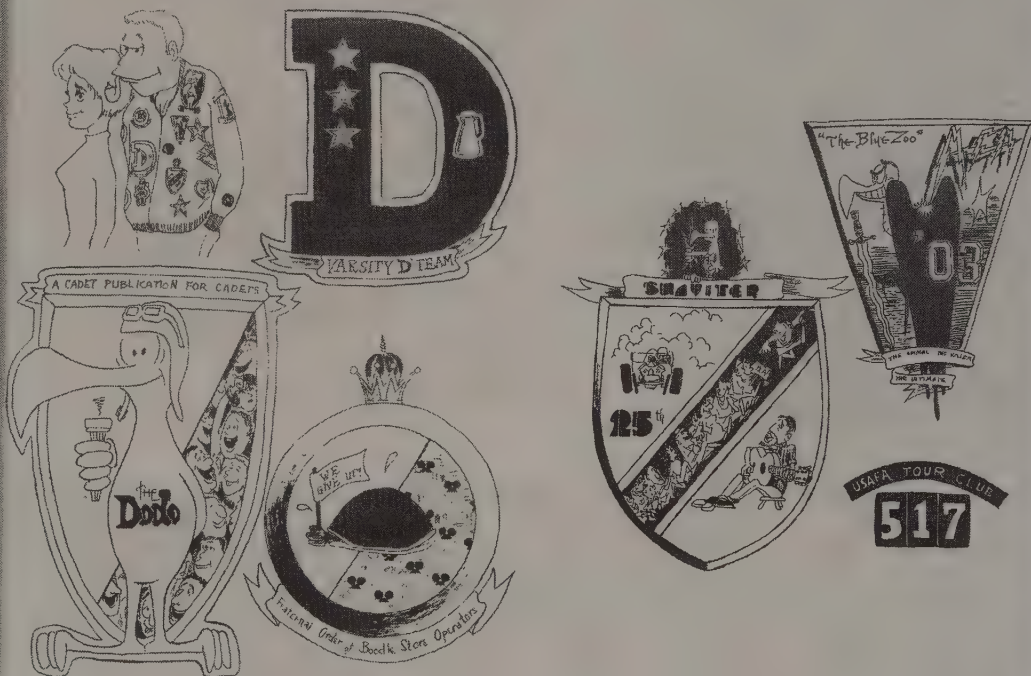
So, Happy Valentines, (my darling/my good friend/my KIKO/chump) and may you always (be happy/be my love/be rejected/be such a nice guy/be so gullible). I will be waiting for you when you get home with (open arms/anxiety/a club/ my father/this friend of mine-she is really sweet and does all her own....)

(Love/as always/.../by/Your pal/Don't bother to answer/See you never),  
(Jane)



Have you ever bothered to look around at the patches and insigniae we cadets have been sporting and will continue to wear until the millienum or until someone does something about it? Atrocious, aren't they? I mean, they don't turn me on. I mean they don't swing. See anything cool and neat about eagles, falcons, and dodos in 50 modified poses? Anything casual about lightning bolts and stars? And what happens when you slip into blue jeans and an A-jacket? Do your frinds snicker behind your back, make you buy the drinks, sneak off with your girl simply because your patch doesn't roar their motor?

NO MORE, FRIEND! The Dodo, in its never-ending search for truth and beauty, has come up with a whole new line of squadron patches, class crests, and bopping, groovy, all occasion seals guaranteed to shake up the guys, bring on the chicks, and rouse out the cops. We can't say yet when they'll be out. It's about the chain of command...



"Let's read that once more before we ban it."



**TRACK** - The Falcon track team traveled to Kentucky last weekend to meet some very formidable competition including six Big Ten schools, the schools of the Mid-America Conference, Kentucky, Penn State, Pittsburg, and the Chicago Track Club. AFA athletes captured their share of honors as Tom Brandon took first place in the triple jump with a 44' 2" mark while Ken Clark hit 53 feet, 9 inches in the shot put to take another first. Bob Lambert added our third first place finish with a 6'6½" high jump, a mark which qualified him to compete in the NCAA championships to be held in mid June of this year. It was a fine meet for Lambert who also placed third in the javelin. Another NCAA qualifying performance was chalked up by Jim Murphy, the Falcon's excellent distance runner, in finishing second in the two mile event to the fastest two miler in the nation as of this time. Dave Dick added a fifth place finish in the high hurdles. The Academy's outstanding shuttle-hurdle relay team, which lowered C.U.'s national record by ½ second to 28.9 at the Kansas State relays did not compete in this meet and will have to wait until the Drake relays to prove that they are the nations best in this event when they meet prime challenger Wisconsin.

**WATER POLO** - The Water Polo Club will soon enter into its short spring season. The club is under the tutelage of a new coach, Lt. Paul Asholich, while top players include club CIC Hugh Stumm and assistant CIC Bill McLeod. Four games are slated for the spring session - 2 with C.U. and a game each with the San Francisco Olympic Club and San Francisco State University, both taking place during the club's trip to the West Coast on the first through the third of May.

**GYMNASTICS** - To cap a fine 9-3 season the Academy gymnastics team attended the NCAA championships and grabbed a second, seventh, and ninth in tumbling, side horse, and the high bar respectively. In tumbling, Doug Reynolds put on a fine show to tie for second place, a performance which may qualify him for All-America consideration. Doug still has two years to go and although tumbling is being chopped from NCAA competition we should expect to see him a consistent winner in the next 2 years. Gerald King finished a great three years on the team with a seventh in the side horse. Following Gerry was Terry Higgins with a 9th in the high bar competition. Terry took first place in the preliminaries, but a fall in the finals dropped him from a probable first to ninth. Higgins, with two more years of competition left would prove to be one of the top men in the nation in his speciality.

THE DODD SPORTS SCOPE

**BASEBALL** - The Academy baseball team raised its record to 4-1 for the young season with a three game sweep over San Diego State last weekend in California. The Falcons won the Friday game with the help of third baseman Jim Steed's bases loaded triple in the ninth inning. In the first game of the Saturday twinbill, the Falcons collected 21 hits to help lefty Fred Olmsted gain his second victory without defeat, 16-7. The hitting barrage included five homeruns, with Daryl Bloodworth getting two and Olmsted, Brownlow, and Steed one each. In the seven inning nightcap, Steed continued his heavy hitting with another homerun as Soph Al McClure scattered seven hits in the 5-2 win. The Falcons opened their season the weekend before by splitting a doubleheader with New Mexico. The first home game will be played Sunday afternoon against Wyoming at 1 P.M.

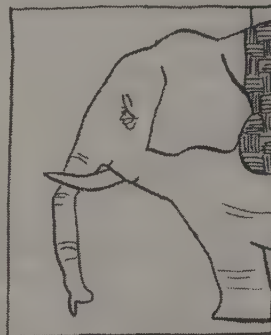
**GOLF** - Coach Ron Allen's golfers have ripped through their first five matches, including four straight in California last weekend, almost with ease. Rusty Gough and Al Lucki paced the 16½ - 8½ home victory over CSU with 76's and then Rusty came back last week to lead the Falcons to 30 - 6 and 29 - 7 victories over Redlands U., a 29 - 7 win over Claremont, and a 30 - 6 win over the University of California at Riverside with a 75 and a 73. On the final day against Redlands and UCR the six man squad averaged 77.5 strokes, a figure pleasing to Coach Allen since it was accomplished on a strange course. This weekend the team has five matches, including a dual meet with C.U. in Denver on Sunday. The C.U. meet will easily be the toughest test to date, but if the Falcons can keep their consistency they should run their streak to 10 straight.



*In This Issue.....*

*...Sports:  
A Salute to  
The Elephant  
Racers...*

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*...Academic  
Purge, 1964:  
How to Beat  
Hell out of  
Turnouts...*

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*... June Week:  
Guide to USAFA  
for Parents, Dates,  
Brides-to-be, &  
Lost Tourists...*

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*... A Great New Bonds Thriller...*

*-page 4*

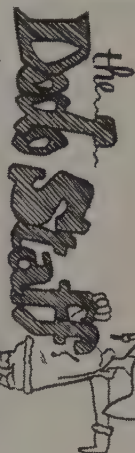


IF YOU ARE TAKING A TURNOUT:

Turn to page 3 for the Dodo's time-tested study method. Bon chance.....



Vol. VIII No. 13



Old  
CDR. SPAN REX

...GUNGDO  
DAVE CONNOR

...GREGORY

WANDA BRIDGES '65  
RICH BROWN '65  
JESSE GOSLEY '66

...PHOTOS

DICK SMILEY '65  
BOB THOMPSON '66  
GILBERT KOLAR '66  
JUD WILSON '66

...ART

JACK EDSON '65  
DICK VOLI '66  
JOE ABRASAVAGE '66

...HUMOR

DUNCAN PERKINS '65  
RUFUS PERKINS '65

...SPORTS

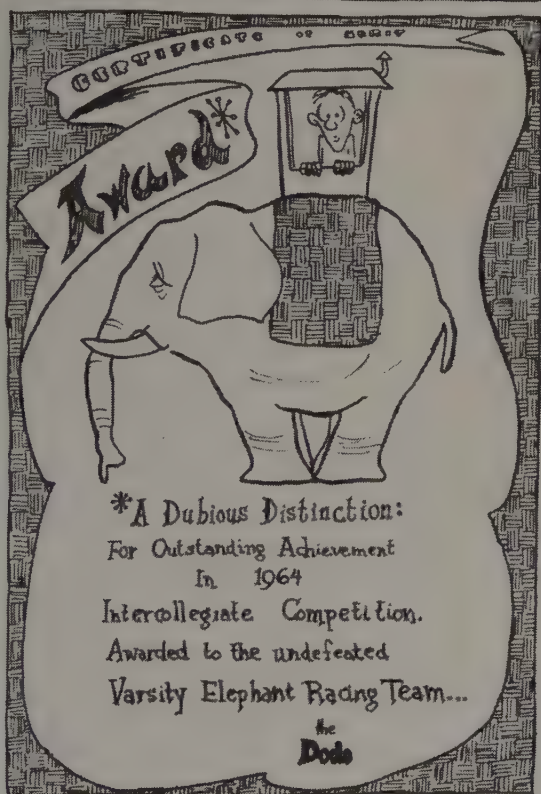
JT. SWAN '65  
DICK BURETT '66  
JIM TILLEY '66

...TRIPS

BOB LAMBERT '65  
NICK McNAMARA '65

...BUSINESS

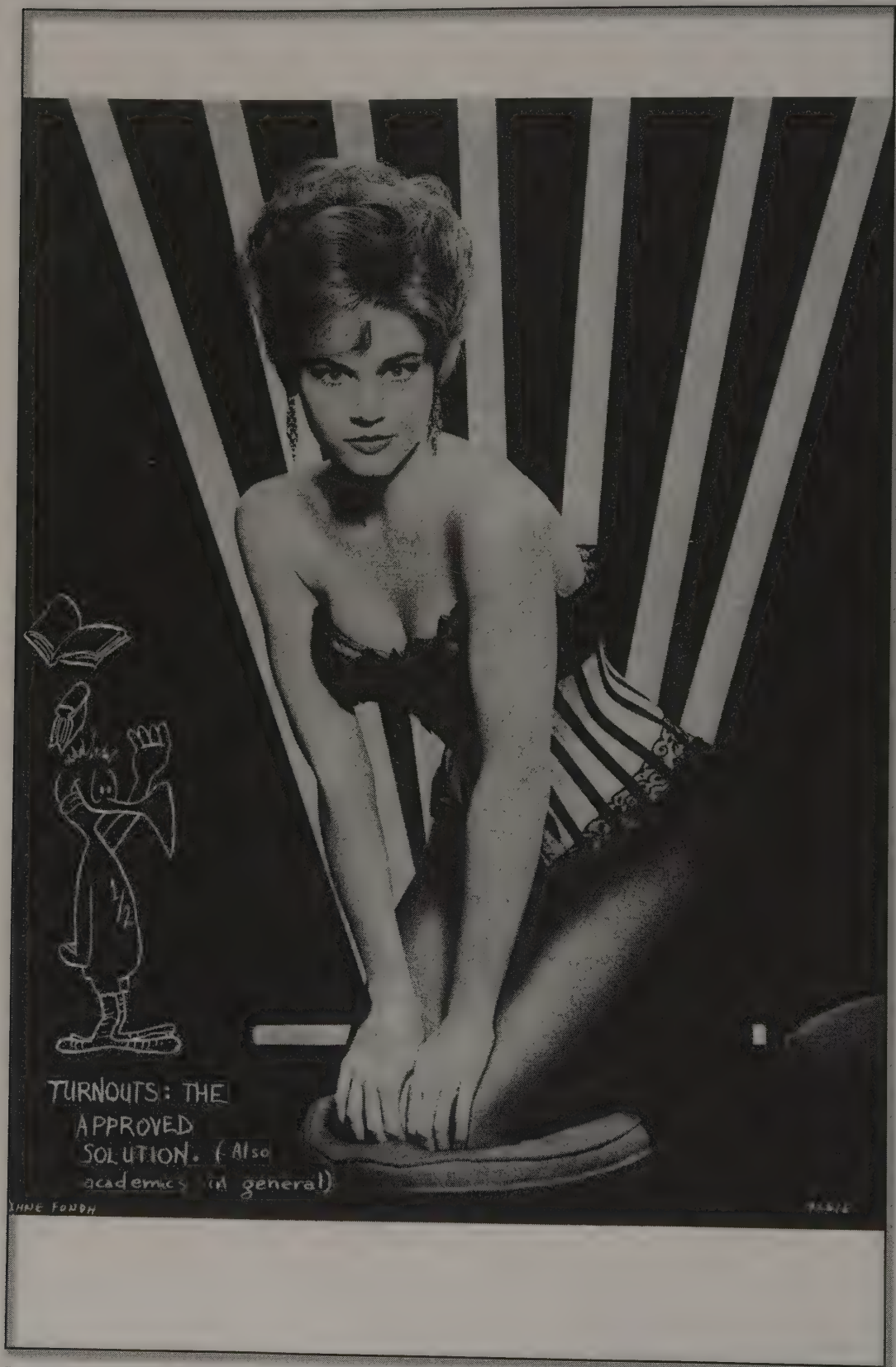
WADE GREER '65  
CARL D. BENDITO '66

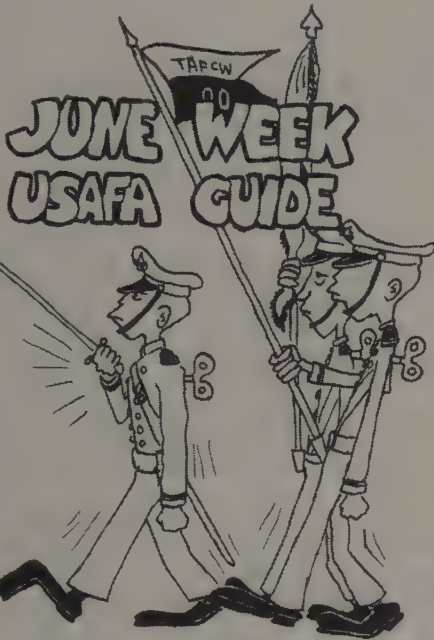


With this final scholarly issue of the 1963-64 Cadet Publication for Cadets I should much like to recognize the driver and pit crew of our only undefeated intercollegiate team, to wish each and all an interesting leave, whether on the Rue de la Paix, the land of the mach three conveyer belt, or (even) in Sunny Colorado, and to say a few dozen words about the Dodo's raison d'être, in the hopes that they might lighten the censorship by our hardest censors - those people into whose hands the Dodo falls, inevitably, illegally. Non-cadets. Civilians, even. (If you are not a cadet and are reading this, YOU'RE IT!).

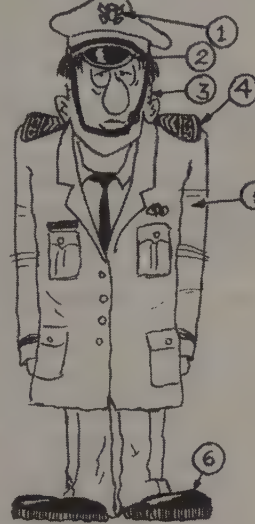
However obvious we are or are not, this publication has never been meant to portray an accurate picture of this Academy, its inmates, or life at USAFA. If you think you recognize something factual, however distorted, we haven't been subtle enough. Because this humor paper should be esoteric enough to be understood only by Cadets, for whom it is printed. (Intentional fragment) And we of the Cadet Wing will have to guard jealously every copy of the Dodo if we are to ever regain the publication the Wing wants. I leave this as a suggestion to the new staff and the new Editor's-in-Chief....dmc







## Recognizing a Cadet...



Not a particularly difficult task. A cursory glance at the uniform will reveal:

- ① Bird on cap, w/o Officers circle of stars above it
- ② Aluminum foil on cap brim
- ③ Regulation haircut
- ④ Shoulder boards to indicate rank or something
- ⑤ Tailor-shop "special" blouse
- ⑥ Spit-shined shoes, just like the Real Air Force doesn't wear...

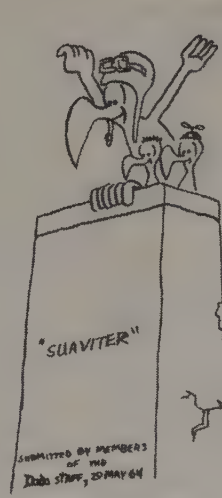
page 1

## Definitions to Know...

- AΦA - Alpha Figma Alpha, a fraternity at a small Rocky Mountain college
- Air Garden - a depository for sand and screaming 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenants
- Arnold Hall - the Student Union building
- Comm - Head of the ROTC program
- Doolie - an AΦA pledge; gross
- Fairchild Hall - meeting place for sleepy students
- Firstie - an AΦA honcho; a BMOC
- Mall - a depository for red airplanes and screaming 3<sup>rd</sup> Classmen
- Mitchell Hall - an on-campus eating place specializing in chicken dinners
- Security Flight - any power-mad BMOC or LMOC
- "The Airstrip" - no comment
- Vandenberg Hall - any large aluminum cage

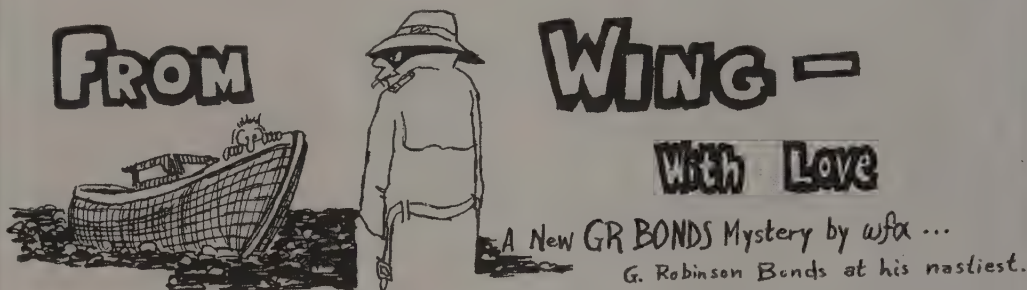
page 2

## The Symbol of AΦA...



The impressive "Fleagle and Friends" statue stands proudly in the Bcomplex N.E. tunnel as a traditional, moss-covered, sentimental-type statue, otherwise not real functional.

page 3



Bonds walked into W's office and his desk...after picking himself up from the thick carpet, he took a seat in the plush red chair. "You wanted me, Sir?"

W looked up indifferently. "Not particularly, 2908K, but we have a nasty job to be done and you're the only man in the department that's expendable." Pulling a red notepad from a secret compartment in a reg book, W opened the file marked "COSMIC SECRET-FOR YOUR EYES ONLY-This supersedes AFGR FYEO-CS 25-a,b,c dated 28 May 64." He handed the file to Bonds.

Bonds read the file. His face turned an ashen white and his nose twitched at the smell of something strange. "The boss's secretary has been perfuming the files again" thought Bonds.

"Well, 2908K, do you think you can handle it?"

Bonds looked up from the file and contemplated the fly swimming in W's coffee. "Poor chap," he thought, "Never had a chance." Bonds knew that W was in the habit of having his coffee sent from Mitchell Hall and appreciated the plight of the poor fly. "Sir, just one question. How did you find out that Superdool, arch international criminal, was ordering three thousand pyrahna from South America to be delivered on June 2nd?"

"From the contractors working on the air garden pools. Agent 335 was going out there for one of his coffee breaks and discovered that they were preparing three pools with lead base for use as acid tanks. It seems that Superdool bribed them."

"I see Sir."

"That's nice, 20/20?"

"Pilot qualified."

"Well, 2908K, there is your assignment. The class of '64 is in danger of being masticated. You must stop this arch criminal. By the way, Agent Scotty of Naval Intelligence is working the case with you. He says he thinks he can keep the whole class busy on the weekends in case Superdool tries something sooner. I expect his "report" soon.

"Very good, Sir." Bonds lifted himself out of the chair and started out the door. He noted that the fly had dissolved. W having five doors into his office, Bonds finally found the green handle and exited in his usual manner...feet under the corner of the reception room table and can first into W's secretary's desk. She smiled and said "Good morning, Mr. Bonds." Bonds took note of the mocking tone in her voice. He thought of the fly.

Pouring her a cup of coffee, he started to walk out the door. He smiled inwardly as he heard the gasp and the hard thump on the floor behind him. Walking into the corridor, he saw a doolie in the hallway to his left and a girl in the hallway to his right. "John"... "Marsha"...he ducked as the dool vaulted over him and banged nosefirst into the closing elevator doors. Bonds muttered something about June Week and girls in general.

Bonds walked into the library to do a little research. All the books on tropical fish were checked out. Strange. He decided to go to Arnold Hall to see if anyone had been paging three thousand pyrahna. On his way over he went to his room and got his .25 Berretta out of his overhead, with fifty rounds of



ammunition. The pen was in good shape and those fifty new "No carbon" forms 10 were great. He woke up his roommate. Told her to go back to sleep. After two Lavoris cocktails, Bonds was ready to go on.

Bonds walked through the door into Arnold Hall. "Oh peachpits" he thought, "I forgot to open the door again. That glass is expensive." He walked up to the desk and flashed his Base Defense Emergency Card to the Security Flight officer.

"What can I do for you, 2908K?"

"I'm looking for three thousand Pyrhanna fish, if you please,"

"The drinking fountain is right up there."

"Has anyone paged for them?"

The Security Flight officer was about to speak when there was a rumbling behind him which grew into a loud "Marsha"...in front of him there was a delighted squeal. Bonds and the JOD ducked as the flying doolie soared over them, then flew back as the recoiling girl's room door launched him into a side-straddle on Pegasus. Bonds again mumbled something about June Week.

The fish were gone. They had been distributed as blind dates. Bonds cringed.

Bonds jumped into his 300-SL and headed for the second class parking lot... yes, it was gone. He went back to his room. Walking in, he saw his roommate smiling. The room had been retiled..."Terrazzo grey," thought Bonds as he tripped over one of the massive stones and fell headlong for a closer inspection of the marble. His roommate giggled and he kissed her-bleeding nose and all. He (blush) cursed. Then, eyeing his still giggling roommate, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a flask. "Cup of coffee, Dear?" She took the flask and began to guzzle it. Bonds walked down the stairs and watched a tuft of plaster fall from the bottom of the fifth floor right underneath his room. "Poor fly," he thought.

Bonds heard rapid steps behind him on the terrazzo. "MAAARSHA"...there was a giggle and "John" from the Mall. He watched the doolie run onto the Mall and fly headlong into the 106. There was a roar and a KASPLANG. Bonds watched the doolie skid on his nose across the Terrazzo. "Odd" thought Bonds.

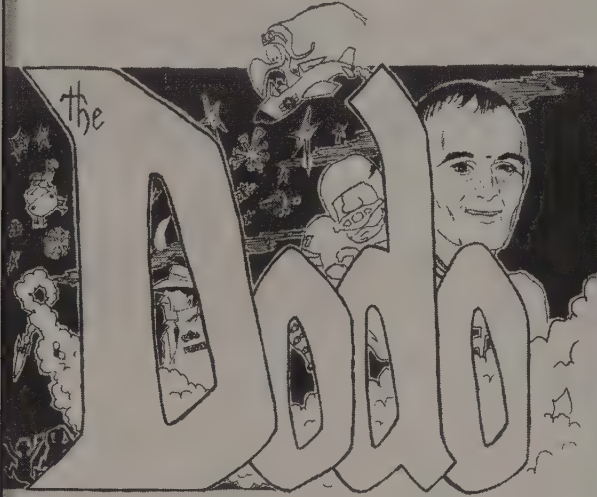
MIDNIGHT: Bonds was in the dining hall filling his pockets with Guava Jelly when he heard wild gurgling and snickering coming from the direction of the air garden pool. Disregarding the Wing Adjutant (who was practicing his announcements for the next day by candlelight), he ran by the 106, which had been taxied to the West doors, and darted by the greenish-yellow Eagle and Fledglings.

There it was...the missing boat (you know, the one that is supposed to be moored down in the firstie parking lot). There, in the crimson moonlight, Bonds saw Superdool emptying cans of shiny fish into the water.

Bonds ran back to Mitch's and threw open the doors. By this time the cooks were "preparing" "breakfast" and the smoke of the burning bacon rolled through the air gardens, setting up a smoke screen. Speaking his most fluent Spanish, he recruited a bunch of waiters to carry two pots of coffee apiece through the air gardens. Naturally, the waiters tripped and fell, dumping the coffee into the pools.

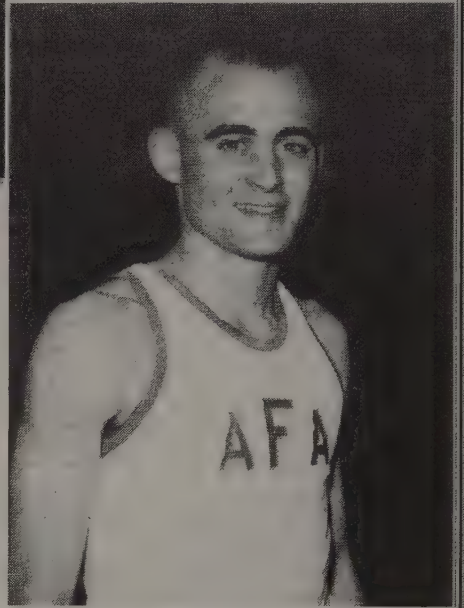
The dust and smoke cleared; in the pale moonlight Bonds could see thousands of flecks of little dead fishies on the top of the boiling brown water, and could hear the screams of the arch criminal Superdool as the bottom of his boat disintegrated in the brown mirth. Bonds smiled and lit a cigarette - it was a job well done. As he walked back toward his room he heard a scream from the top of the yellow flag pole...MAAARShaaaaa...and the answering giggle from the bow of the sinking cruiser...hee hee hee...John...and the night was still except for the clanging of a head on the metal spigot of the air garden pool....Bonds thought evil thoughts about June Week.

AND AS THE ACADEMIC YEAR DRAWS TO A CLOSE, A WISH FOR MANY GOOD TIMES DURING THE COMING SUMMER FROM THE CREATION STAFF OF YOUR DODO...SEE YOU NEXT YEAR.



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

THE Doo SPORTS SCOPE



Last weekend the AFA thinclads brought their regular season record to 9-1 with a 16-25 victory over Denver University. Jim Murphy once again finished in the top spot in the process of setting a new academy course record of 20 minutes 48 seconds.



"All right, Nino, lab's over!!"



AFCRP 190-4, NOV 64

No. 2



OIC  
Capt Turner

EDITOR  
Dave Connaughton '65  
Tim Wheeler '65

Creation  
Wayne Arnold '65  
"Hunk" Hill '65  
Rich Brown '65  
Jesse Cogley '66

Humor  
Dutch Berkley '66

Sports  
J.T. Swan '65  
Jim Tilley '66

Photos  
Don Thompson '66

Art  
Jack Eidson '65  
Deck Voll '66

Typists  
Bob Lambert '65  
Mac McNamara '66

Business  
Reb Phillips '65

Everyone listed on the masthead above, and anyone interested in working for the Dodo in any of the areas listed above (including Editor) please contact me at your earliest convenience, at 4675 or see me in Room 5D65.

Dave Connaughton

CONGRATULATIONS  
to the  
Wing Champions  
of 1964.





In response to pleas for more tales of that popular all-time hero, G. Robinson Bonds, the Dodo is proud to introduce another character for the annals of American folklore, J. Wellington Bonds. At the present time G. Robinson Bonds is on a well-earned vacation at the hands of that nasty criminal, A. Fitzwilliam Badriver, who went G.R. sorely while he was hot on the criminal's trail. This story is dedicated to G. Robinson Bonds in hope of a fast recovery and a speedy return to the force.....

J. Wellington Bonds in *“Doctor! No!”* - wfa

The sun set into the mountain and the cold cloak of night settled over the old mansion. A mist sprang from the ground and wafted gently through the trees. A dull glow came from the sky where the goddess Diana had hung her light. It was the night when no creature stirred...halloween.

Did I say no creature? Nay, it was the night for some creatures, nocturnal by nature, to come out to cast their spells on the world. A shadow, a figure outlined by the moon, breathing in the shadows, a creaking of boards, a soft laugh. They were there. The evil spirits were out.

Out of the sky a soft purring sound reaches the deaf ears below...never heard. Swiftly and silently, riding the shafts of moonlight, comes one of the guests to the gallant festival, atop a roaring buffer, his white cord trailing in the wind. Slipping under the gate, he sees the spell that some ancient cult had hexed on the stone frame, "Bring me men." Chuckling to himself, Thomas P. MacBeth, O.C., ghoul extraordinaire, and archfiend of the yellow hexes, coasted to a sudden halt in the shambles of what had once been a terrazzo...(which the evil dagger gremlins had ripped up). MacBeth started to rise, only to find himself in the deadly clutches of a devil. Whipping about madly, circling, every circling, he muttered a curse on the devil, and lo and behold, he stopped. Grinning sheepishly, he removed his white cord from the buffer. Standing up, he gave a shrug and shook and brushed his Woodoo symbols until the lilly white gloves shimmered in the moonlight.

As had previously been arranged, all of the ghouls met at Mitches for a snack before starting their evening of haunting. The steaming black coffee was to the vampire's liking, as well as the old doctors who transformed themselves into various forms of Mr. Hyde with it....the IOD, SOD, JOD etc....

The wind picked up and howled through the windows of the old mansion. Blowing the dust out of the mailboxes, it went up, up, up to the roof, tearing down the spy ring antenna. The wind blew on, covering the joyful howls of the approaching doom makers with their white gloves and yellow order blanks for Woodoo dolls.

A cadet looks out of the window of his cell. He sees his impending doom. He runs for his flashlight, and puts in a special attachment and shines it at the sky. High in the sky an image forms on the clouds...is it? It is! The sign of the push-upping doolie. The deamons curse wildly.

Agent 008, sitting high on his perch in Mount Olympus, in the Econ department conference room, sees the sign. Grabbing his sliderule and astro book, he hops into his Mach 3 white elephant and lights the burners. ....SKKRRRRROONCH!! Impacting on the third spire from the left, J. WELLINGTON BONDS muttered something about his  $\phi_{\phi}$  and calmly waited for the long slide to the ground to complete.....  
...CCGRRRUUUNNNCCCHH "Ah, recovery."

The terrazzo was silent. Not a soul was in sight.

A scream...."GGRROOOOOOOOONNKI!"

The signal disappears.

Odd, thought 008. That bloody luck. Some blighter has absconded with my victim. With great perplexity the question of who now to save strayed across the mind of our noble hero. "That wasn't at all British," Bonds muttered. "Nasty trick, that. I am actually beginning to get ired." Bonds sat down and pulled his flask. The tea tasted good.

Suddenly Bonds saw Thomas P. MacBeth, dragging a victim down the ramp, cackling as he were(MacBeth that is). "Stop, fiend, in the name of the Queen of....oh, damn.

I keep forgetting that I am among those savage westerners. Sometimes I wish that we had not given the colonies their freedom."

Diving across the terrazzo, Bonds picks up a gait and makes chase. THUMP. SKRUUNK. Bonds looked up from the hole just in time to see several shovels of dirt from point blank range....the fillers replaced the marble and went to take a break.

Light. Fresh air. Bonds hopped out of the hole, cursing. "If my brother had been here, I'd have...oh, excuse me madame. My sincere gratitude for the rescue, and to whom am I indebted..?"

"Aw, shut up, ya silly tool and get back to work. Who do you think I am... Tinkerbell of the CIA, fairy division."

"Excuse my look, darling, but I am not so use to such flighty young women. Your wings are quite beautiful, however, I was just thinking that they had the white softness of a cool, mountain..."

"Save it, kid, the script says you go after MacBeth. That line doesn't come until the bar scene at the end. I may be only 6 inches tall, but I can still beat the livin'...."

"Madame! I beg your...."

"Move, hero, go save the day or something. I'm your partner, nothing more, got that?"

"Tallyho. Uh, er, which way did he go?"

"The dispensary. This may be a low cost script, but the least you could do is learn it."

Ancient light burned in the window of the dispensary. Bonds slipped silently through the side door. Showing his card to the A.P., J. Wellington started to slip into the dispensary. A gun was shoved into his back. After finally convincing the A.P. that he was agent 008 of the Department of Mechanics Secret Police and after Tinkerbell had clubbed the fuzz, Bonds slipped into the dispensary. Flat on his back he slipped. Bonds awoke. A hot light streaming into his face.

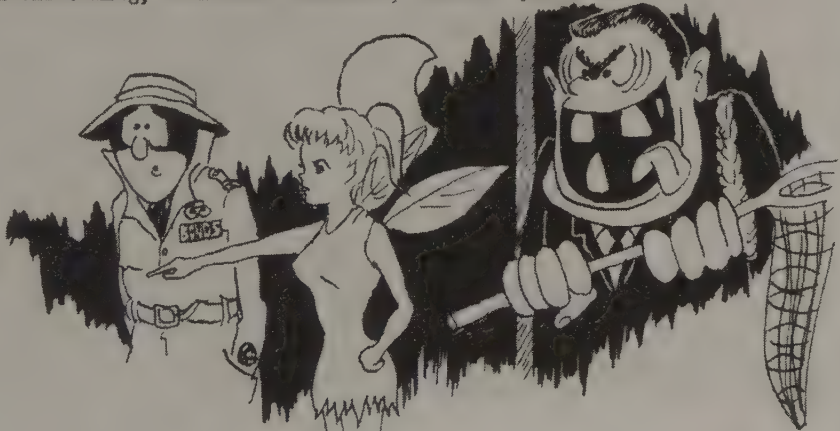
"Well, Bonds, I have finally got you, you, you....PINK."

"Ah, so you have Toasypco. I commend you. Surgical soap on the floor, eh? VERY CLEVER."

"Soap, what soap? Never mind. We were planning to use this on your little friend here," (MacBeth points to the cadet, broken flashlight in hand), "But we will give it to you first." The fiend pulled out a needle and walked toward Bonds. He inched the deadly device closer to the awaiting flesh....

"Doctor! NO!" shouted the cadet in a daze, thinking the fiend was a doctor, or visaversa. The needle slipped into the arm....MacBeth chuckled..."just wait 'til morning."

But will there ever be another morning for J. Wellington Bonds? Is there a cure for the deadly flu shot? Where is Tinkerbell? Don't miss the next exciting installment...in the coming, even more fantastic, issue of your DODO.









We draw your attention to the enhanced staff list, especially Cadet Bob Resling. We had to remove the guard rails to accommodate his artistic talent.

AFCRP 190-4, DEC 64

No. 3

## the Dodg Staff

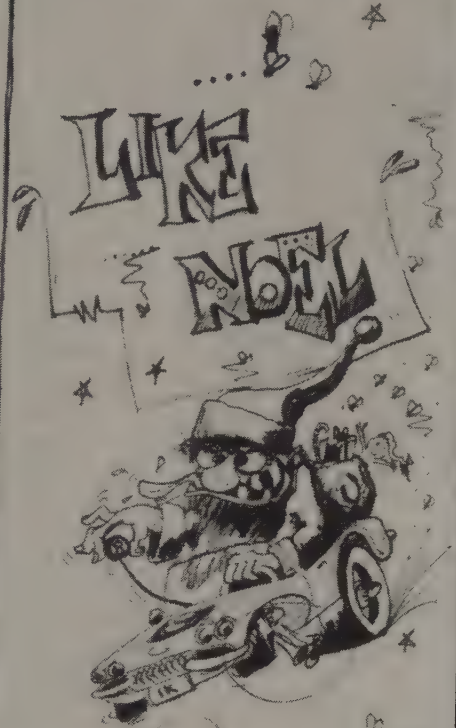
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Capt Turner

EDITOR  
Dave Connaughton '85

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JT Swan '68  
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Bob Lambert '68  
Bob McVamara '66

Reb Phillips '65  
Buddy Martin '67  
Bob Hoels '68  
Jason Logley '66  
Rick Russell '68  
Jim Baxes '67  
Tim Wheeler '65



## PART II OF "DOCTOR! NO!" A J. WELLINGTON BONDS MYSTERY



(As we left our hero, the evil villain, Thomas P. Mac Beth was in the process of sticking Bond's arm full of evil flu serum. Bonds, with his partner, Tinkerbelle, of the CIA, ferry division, had invaded the dispensary in search of the villain and the kidnapped cadet. Bonds slipped on the floor and awoke to find himself in the above predicament.)

Just as the needle slipped into the arm, the lights went out. A little pinpoint of light sped across the room...a CCRRAAASSSHH...a scream...a gurgle of flu serum...The lights came back on to reveal the cadet pouring water on Bonds, and T.P.M. on the floor, needle in his arm, screaming to the heavens about the injustice of it all. "I'll have you all put on report for this....I promise you that, or my name isn't Thomas P. MacBeth, arch fiend!"

Bonds awoke and looked at the lights. Seeing Tinkerbelle, he smiled his most noble heroic smile. "Jolly good show, old girl, how did you manage the trick with the lights... so well timed, I might add."

"The switch, idiot! You got any better ideas on how to turn out the lights?"

"Ah, the switch...the switch. Good thinking....Oh, noble switch, upon the wall, the noblest switch of them all, when I look at you, my stomach goes kickitypoo, to think of my hours of torment, but for you. Oh switch, Oh switch, so noble and true, what would one do, without you...."

"Go without lights....YYUUCCGGHH. Has anyone ever said that you were really hurtin' to your face...."

"But of course not, my dear. It seems highly implausible that a man of my superior talents would ever get such a crass remark. Why, I remember...say, it is about time for the bar scene, isn't it?"

"It WAS, baby, but you just ran out the money for the low cost script...you know, operation bottom penny. Now blow..."

Tinkerbelle flew out the window...suddenly there was an uproar that resounded throughout the chilled winter air...a crash...a scream. Bonds bolted out the window to see a little spot of light spinning lazily to the ground below...a trail of smoke followed and wrote an obituary on the snow...Tinkerbelle was gone.

Above the flagpole Bonds saw a two masted schooner floating lazily in the breeze, smoke lifting from one of its cannons. A little man with a mustache on his face and a hook in his hand (it would be difficult for this to be reversed) laughed craftily. Bonds shook his fist and cursed...SLUSH had struck again.

The air was shattered with blinding crash...the boat disappeared in a puff of black, evil smoke. Captain Hook had forgotten about Peter Pan...a fatal mistake...the high speed projectile with GL69 decay killer had disintegrated the ship. Bonds watched the little green boy disappear into the sunset as he thought of the constant trade between the agent of the evil, mean, bad, nasty SLUSH and the good guys. Head between his feet, he slowly climbed back to his post on Olympus.

He walked into the office. His secretary greeted him with a smile. Somehow the Berretta on her hip did not do anything for her. Perhaps if it were gold with a pearl handle...he thought about asking 2908 about that...perhaps material could do something about this problem. Besides, with Tinkerbelle gone, he might have to do the bar scene with his secretary. Bonds went through the usual procedure...he showed his I.D., his defense Emergency card, his mother's picture, and his cadet chargeplate. His secretary led him into a small room which was off of his office. She pressed a button, and spoke into a microphone: "AUNT CONTROL, THIS IS SPASTIC...CODE GREEN...IN PLACE FOR TRANSMISSION." A screen on the wall lit and W's sour complexion came into view. "Bonds,

I have a job for you. You will proceed immediately to area 35K69S-45R and investigate subversion of essential installations in this area...I cannot over emphasize the essential and confidential nature of your mission." W went to fade out and Bonds sat intently watching the cartoon that followed. A large gold and blue sign came on the screen -- "This has been a Warner Von Brown Brothers Production, adapted for T.V. secret microwave transmission by..." Bonds went out from the room; his secretary helped him strap on his ski boots, handed him his number five gun, and wished him well.

### NORTH POLE

Bonds touched down in a small lake area. As a matter of fact it was the only lake within three hundred miles and he landed right in the middle of it. Climbing out of the lake onto the ice was pretty difficult, but he made it. (The Polar Bear that was



swimming after him helped). On the horizon there was a whirr. He looked up as a stranded plow affair came over the horizon. A little bear popped out of the top with a box of cereal under one arm and drew his gun from his cowboy suit. BLAP. Bonds suddenly felt sweet all over. A great vacuum swept him into the machine and he was off.

Later, in a little candy striped house, he awoke, feeling his usual hungover self. He saw all sorts of mixing vats of red and white around him with little men working on them...he thought he could smell something...toothpaste. Yes, it was toothpaste. He tapped the other man in the cell, who looked up and confirmed this. Bonds asked him who he was, but did not get the answer...the man was examining his teeth. Bonds glanced at the "M.D." on the man's black coat. After three hours of working on his teeth, the man grinned. Bonds whole mouth felt like it had been the percussion section of a symphonic orchestra playing the 1812 Overture...Bonds asked to who he was indebted for the service and the man gave him his card: "Mr. Decay. You grow 'em, I mow 'em, Help stamp out <sup>3421</sup>" Bonds did not have the heart to tell the man he had had all of his teeth knocked out three years before and the man had been working on a realistic set of dentures.

The next morning Bonds was dragged from the cell by a man who was naturally dressed in subversive red. He was taken to a little house outside the compound. He walked in and was greeted rather jovially by a big, jolly gentleman with white whiskers who was laughing as he fit the brass knuckles on his hand. Bonds walked up and stuck out his hand..."Bonds is my name...Department of Mechanics Secret Service." A tiny rattlesnake jumped up and bit him. The old man laughed. "Do you know who I am, Mr. Bonds?" "Santa Claus?" asked Bonds.

"That used to be what I was called, along with Saint Nick and many other titles, but I changed my name to Mr. Large since I joined SLUSH."

"AHA, SLUSH!" I know they would be involved. And, what dastardly plot did they use to get you to join their evil, bad, nasty, mean organization?"

The old man got a glint in his eyes and his cheeks got a little bit rosier. "Dastardly plot, Mr. Bonds? This may surprise you, with your organization's outstanding knowledge of SLUSH, but I started SLUSH. I suppose that makes me the head of it, does it not?"

Visions of sugar plums and hand grenades ran through Bonds' head. He took a deep breath. "But why, you were such a good man. What made you do such a thing?"

"Mr. Bonds, have you ever heard of being too good. I got so sick of it. I grew tired of all the letters, of making everybody so happy. I was so sick of dodging kids who wanted to see Santa Claus leave their toys that they asked for. Then, I realized that I was, because of dodging brats, becoming very good at being sneaky. I was sitting in a department store one day and a little brat walked up and kicked me. On my knee, where he committed the act, there was a mark of sluch on my trousers. It was then I got the idea for a truly vile organization."

Bonds was dizzy. Such a brutal plot. He soun around, and what did he see tied up over in the corner...Tinkerbelle. Bonds looked at Santa Claus. "But, I saw her go down in flames!"

"Captain Hook was one of my best agents, Mr. Bonds, but he failed. It takes a lot to keep a good fairy down!"

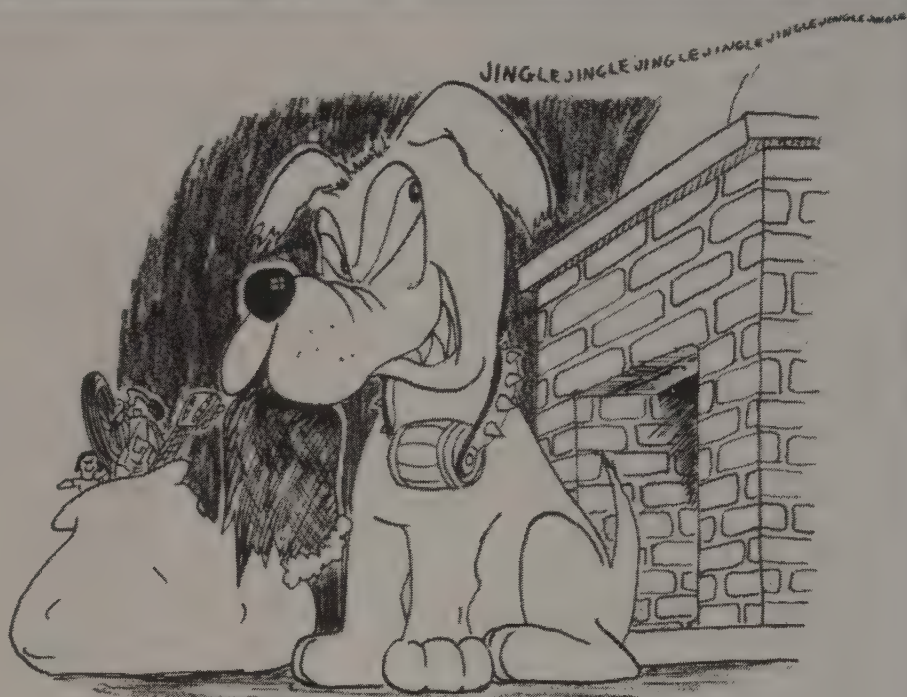
"But, Mr. Large, why, if you have changed your activities, have you continued to make toys for the kiddies? Do you plan to be a double agent of good AND bad?"

"Examine these toys a little more closely Mr. Bonds. An atomic bomb erector set that really works, a toy rattlesnake that suits real venom, pistols that shoot real bullets, a Tinkerbelle Doll that will attack anyone the owner pleases, and academic kits full of assorted finals to drive anyone mad, and toy balloons that dispense real poison gas when they explode. I will pass these out at Christmas and the whole world will be in havoc. Do you think parents will be able to discipline their children? No! The kiddies will run the world, and as their idol, I will be their leader. I will be Emperor of the Earth. Now Mr. Bonds, I am afraid that, since you stumbled into my setup, I must take some corrective measures. What would you like to play with?"

Bonds looked around. He felt trapped. What to do. He saw the elves working on the toys. Suddenly the thought came to him. Thomas P. MacBeth was in SLUSH. That would make Thomas P. MacBeth one of Santa's helpers!

THE DODO, ITS CREATIONS STAFF, AND THE BROTHERS, BONDS, WISH YOU A MERRY, LIQUID CHRISTMAS, AND A ROLICKING PROLUCKING NEW YEAR. A SPECIAL WISH FROM THE DODO TO G. ROBINSON (GEORGE) BONDS FOR A QUICK RECOVERY. ALSO A SPECIAL MERRY CHRISTMAS TO THE DEAN.





## The Year of the Fast Ones...



Q. What features make the 1965 Glumwertszenheimer Balchfire V-18 a superior motor car?

A. Startling innovations in the 593 cu. in. mill, plus its 7 Latham-blown 2 bbl carbs, straightpipes, and 400 volt battery; 11 inches of foam padding in all seats, with only the finest fanganyken leather and Peruvian Mohair in the upholstery, and only the finest walnut in the dash and steering wheel; a 60-watt amp with the most advanced turntable, tapedeck, and AM-FM tuner in an integrated stereo-TV-bar unit available.

Q. Is it possible to obtain any other accessories with this truly superior motor car?

A. Yes. Optional equipment includes the Firerock Red Lines shown. Also two portable heaters.....

\* Available at your Glumwertszenheimer dealer's today.

## THE DODO SPORTS SCOPE



Skiing season is once again here, and for the Academy varsity sports program this is good. The team this year appears better than any before. Team captain, Kent Waterman, heads the list of returnees. He is backed by Jerry Allen, Scott Duncan, Paul Storaasli, L. Luebke, Bob Putnam, Paul Larsen and Al Danes in the downhill and slalom. Storaasli, Allen, Putnam, and George Sherman join Waterman in the Nordic events, Jumping and cross-country (9 miles worth). Six meets comprise this year's schedule. Four of these are in the Colorado area. The other two are in Reno, Nevada and Park City, Utah.

The skiers are giving up a large part of their Christmas leave to come back to Colorado to get in four days of practice at Winter Park before their first meet of the season at Steamboat Springs on the 1st of January. It seems that a note of appreciation is due here for the sacrifice of a good deal of leave and New Year's Eve party time.

Considering the competition though, these sacrifices seem necessary. CU's "Olympic Alpine team" is ready for a big season, and DU is always very strong in all events.

A note for the future is the presence of Larry Funk on this year's frosh team. Funk was one of the nation's top Alpine juniors before coming to the Academy. He is potentially the best skier in the history of the AFA. Duke got some new boots.

Moving indoors to the basketball court finds the Falcons with a 1-2 record, but a big improvement can be expected as the season progresses. Though both games were lost at the Mile High Classic last weekend, CSU, the tourney champs, barely beat the Falcons in overtime. This year's team is young and still relatively inexperienced. Scott Stynre, Jerry Yankee, and Ed Sullivan and much used reserve Marty Andrade are all juniors. Fred Budinger a probable starter, is a sophomore. As experience is picked up the Falcons should develop more consistency in their attack. The short walk to the gym should be very worthwhile for basketball followers this season.

Although there is no varsity team yet, the sport of snow and ice driving has gained a lot of support here at the Academy. The road maintenance crews are solid backers of this sport, and one can usually find a good course right on the Academy grounds anytime within a month of the last snowfall.

The sports staff would like to throw in a few Christmas gift suggestions from the athletic world. You might get your old lady a new pair of combat boots to wear for runs to the corner grocery store. How about a USAFA T-shirt and a new set of cleats for your girl. You could easily win your fathers favor with a set of magnesium competition knitting needles. And as a gift for anyone involved in competition shooting check into the latest line of fine weapons by Daisy.

Lastly, the Dodo Sports Staff's gift to our readers -

**J\* JET**



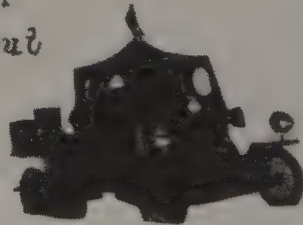


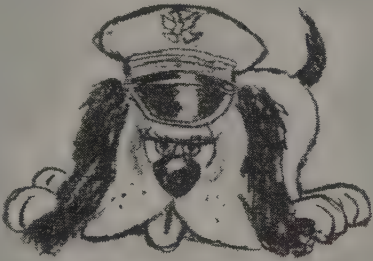
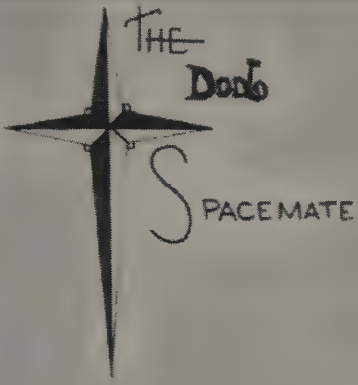


from the editor.....

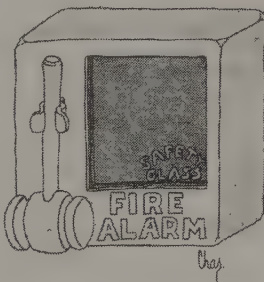
Somehow, in the next fifteen minutes, I've got to fill up this page. By printing in oversized letters and sticking in ridiculous pictures... first, a little about this issue. The cover can be attributed to the collectors of good junk (who'd ever save a skull and a 50-IRL alpha cap?) and a bit of excellent photography. New artists and contributors account for pages 2 and 15. Another chop at J. Wellington Bonds and arch fiend MacBeth make a long issue longer, and we've attempted to help you in your finals and last minute shopping. For the sports car enthusiasts and others who like a fast ride, the new specs on one tough machine can be found on page 13. What better way to round out <sup>the</sup> semester's last Dodo than with Elke Sommer and our Christmas Spacemate? That about kills it, except to wish all a Merry Christmas and to turn out

dmc





**Doob**  
Doob's & Doodles  
Our only Medicine

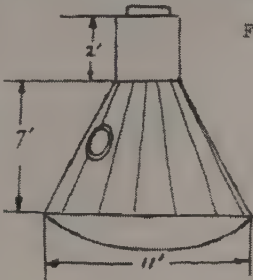


HE DIDN'T MEAN JUST A COAT AND TIE



DODO READERS! We of the staff were unable to accumulate the Approved Solutions this year for any of the finals or turnouts. But don't despair, yet. Below are copies of the most often asked questions in every major area of academic endeavor and we of the staff are presently working frantically to find the answers. They will be forthcoming in a more expensive version of the Dodo before the turnouts. Otherwise...bye bye staff.....

1. Given: Diagram at left.



Find: The following.

- a) Derive the elements of orbit, the hyperbolic excess velocity, the Hohman transfer parameters, and  $\delta_{\infty}$  to strike the Yorktown somewhere in the Pacific during a max speed cruise. V of the Yorktown is 2 knots.

- b) Using the derived equations and these values:

$R_{16} = 12.73513 \text{ DU}$

$\theta = 3643^\circ$

Q. Fm 4, 6173 CU

Calculate all other pertinent data.

2. In the four blue books provided, discuss:

3. The world situation and its ramifications since the diplomacy of Atilla the Hun.

- b. Why Cuba hates us and why we shouldn't nouse them.

Swanili, Africa has received 4 trainloads of TV sets from the USSR whose MPP is  $\frac{1}{2}ac^2d + E$  and GNP is  $\frac{4}{5}g^2h^2AA$ . Swanili is located behind Mt. Calobie (el. 27,972.0001 ft. ) 2500 miles away in Jerusalem. Additional information: 1. Swanilians are practicing Muslims. 2.  $\frac{2}{3}x10^{-12.4}$  farads/capita. 3. The first show is to be Handel's Messiah as interpreted by Karl Marx and the Rand Corp. 4. The answers are the same as those under question 4, Econ'final-Dec. 1960, and essay question 2, EE final-May 1956.

1. How many rabbit ears should the US send to Swahili if reception is limited to those hoses with band widths of  $P \cdot \frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{2}$  ?  
A. Obviously 4 trainloads. (watch this one!) B. The Peace Corps does not allow TV. C. None of the below. D. All of the above. E. jwc. F. C&D.
2. (True or False) The Econ Dept. knows the answer to the above question.

Assume no additional facts, apply the majority rule in all cases and spell out T and F.

Sexless accidentally discovered that his motel room bath is shared with Elka A. Summer. She has just come in from a negligent party whose legal capacity makes him a tortfeasor. What is the remedy if:

1. She forgets to lock the bathroom door and he has strict liability for security interests in personal property?

- A. Assault and Battery. B. All of the above.... C. Waeshe v. Falsetto  
Hts. et al, CDB, USAFA, 156, (1964) D. Pursuit and Capture. E. He has  
rights of compromise decision. F. She is community property.

PHYSIOLOGY: If the partial pressure of  $O_2$  in the alveoli is 81.34 mm Hg and of  $CO_2$ , 43.79 mm Hg, considering the water vapor pressure constant at 47 mm Hg, the bronchioles are constricted by 27%. What effect would an exaggerated synaptic delay, due to acetylcholine lack, and leading to failure of the tectospinal tract to properly relay sensory impulses to the thalamus, have on an aerospace cadet's capability to get to Pete Field in time to catch his hop?

- A. The motor response dictated by the thalamus would also fail, instilling in the cadet an inordinate desire to remain and sacrifice his seat on the hop to his element leader.
- B. His reflex arc would be incomplete, leaving him incapable of movement.
- C. "To hell with the thalamus- full speed ahead!"

**MILITARY HISTORY:** General Instructions---This is an open-mouthed test. Allow jaw to hang accordingly. There are 200 objective, 17 essay questions, worth 2,000 points. After reading these instructions, spell Maj. Hayes' name correctly for 5 points.

**ESSAY #1)** Describe the characteristics of Hannibal's elephants, including the significance of pachyderms as opposed to Rocky Mountain chipmunks, and their advantages and disadvantages in the Alps.

**PHYSICS:** General Instructions---Read the problems. This is a closed-mind test. Think accordingly. Slide rules, CWC's, and brains may be used to equal disadvantage. Each of the 70 problems is worth 100 points- those you miss, 300 points.

(I) Calculate the rotational inertia of Maj. Scisyhp's left eyeball as he looks from his rubber-tipped pointer, (mass=252.2 g), to the 574th metal square in the lighting system from the back of the room. Assume 20 sphincter muscles and two whattyacallits do the vertical and horizontal action on the eyebell.

(HINT:) The instructor has muscular dystrophy.

**BEH. SCI. (GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY):** General Instructions---This is a closed-mind, open-mouthed test. Flunk accordingly. No extra help, such as pencils, IBM sheets, erasers, etc. will be allowed. Your response to this avoidance-avoidance conflict will be graded through the use of hidden cameras. You have 90 minutes. There are 1500 questions, total 1000 points, (2/3 apiece); motivate when the instructor so stimulates.

(I) PSYCHOLOGY classes, in general;

a) Hurt

b) Help

c) Both

d) Either one or the other two, in the event of psychosis.

**ENGLISH:** Answer either of the following two questions.

1. In a paragraph of 25 words or less (wordiness, verbocity, and redundancy will be penalized) compare and contrast, with frequent illustrations from the text, the social, moral, psychological, and intellectual reasons for, exposition of, and results stemming from: "Catcher in the Rye," "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," "The Miracle of Language," "A Farewell to Arms," "The Grapes of Wrath," and "Light in August."

2. Do you agree with Frederick Henry's policy on free love? If so, why?





THE DODO, with its hurtin' budget and really bent staff, in attempting to copy a nationally known publication for cadets, has decided to push a few not too well known brands, to make your shopping a little easier and, with a jaundiced eye toward kickbacks, to make ours a whole lot easier. Here then are our ideas of the Perfect Gifts for Christmas, 1964.....



A. Christmas Choir Boys decoration for your front lawn. Life sized figures.....\$600.44

C. New brand of compact. Real economy without a sacrifice of performance. Your dream car, convert or fastback.....Special Deal for Cadets

D. NATO safes. COSMIC secrets, used recall signals.....1 ID Card & 27 rubles

E. USAPA-poo Joy Juice, from fine overhead locker distilleries.....80/120

F. Toy Russian missile w/launch crew. Programs for New York, Chicago, Memphis, and Tucson. Specify which.....Cheap from Manufacturer

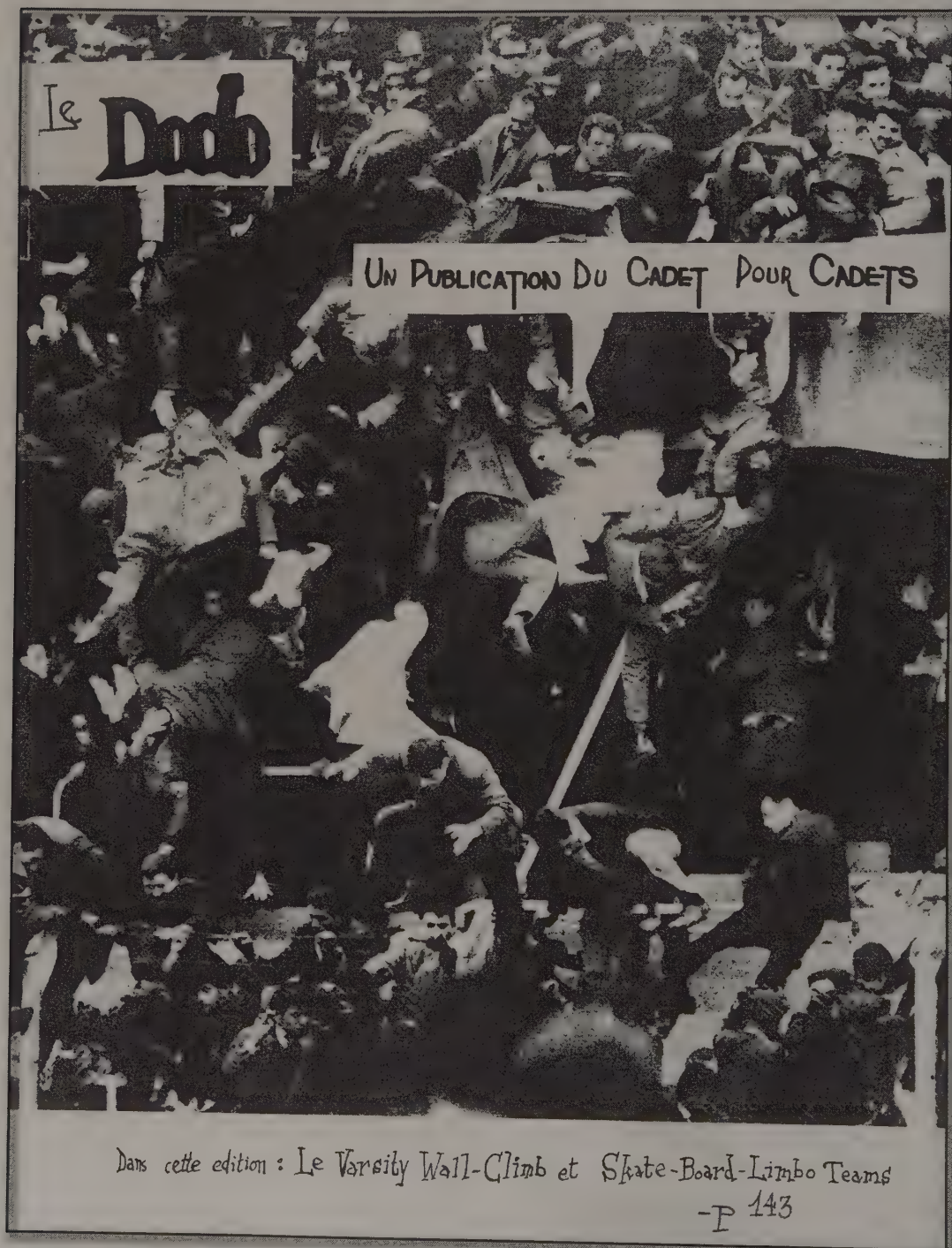
# MERRY CHRISTMAS THE STAFF





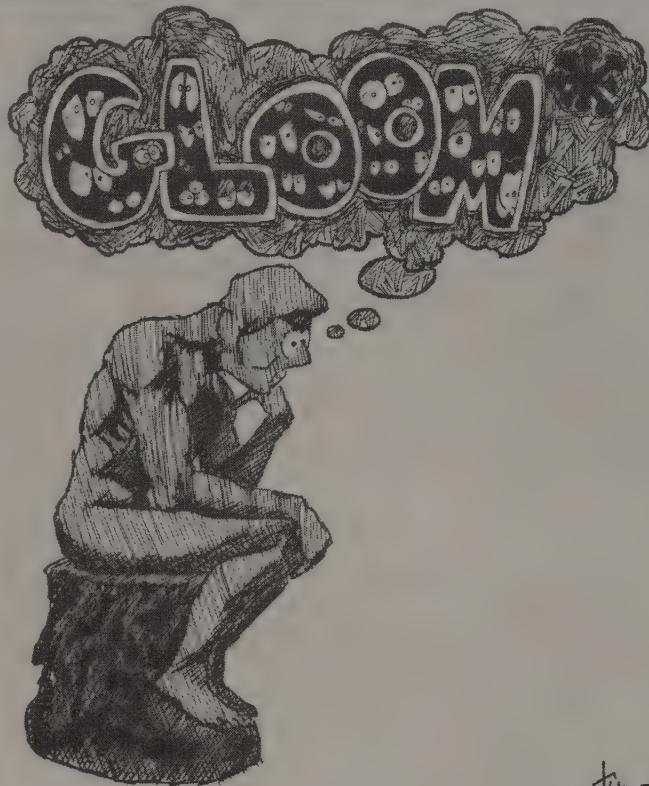
## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

The Reign of Terror of the authors of this book was drawing to a close, with less than 160 days until 1965 put USAFA squarely in the rear-view mirror. We did our best to establish the Dodo as a high-tone intellectual publication, and hoped we had warped the minds of our successors enough to carry on the tradition. Read on and judge for yourself...









\* Commonly referred to as AFORP 190-4, sometimes known as the DO-DO (or **The Docb**), and often called CENSORED by its censors, this unique **CADET PUBLICATION** **For CADETS** is hopefully put forth bi-weekly to meet the deep-rooted psycho-neurological demands of a fantastically warped minority group.....

As we of the Monastic Managerie joyfully push through the end of February and into the Windy Season, it might behoove us to look about a bit, at such interesting but little known (esoteric, imaginary, even.) facts as: The B5000 Computer is unable to handle the size of the figmosity factor (DO-DO version) for the class of '65, and even if it were we'd probably never get close enough to the key punch machine to punch the program; there is enough horsepower in the Cadet parking lot to push (or pull) Fairchild Hall over the wall to the parade ground; 19th Squadron has their strongest skateboard limbo team in years (disconcerting. Good show, 19er); and the average cadet, who spends 18 weekends a year at the Academy and never marches a tour, spends 23 days of 24 hours each marching 1650 miles (like, home!) just to eat at Mitchell Hall? Anyone with any other ideas on how to spend the next 100 days????

*Steve Cunningham*

Win! Win! Win!

BOYS!  
GIRLS!  
KIDDES!



GRANNY  
GRUNGE  
SPEAKS:

In response to the numerous obnoxious questions we've been asked recently, the DODO will launch a new series of articles beginning with the next issue. What should you do in certain embarrassing social situations? What is the proper drink while studying for an Econ final? How should you address your computer instructor in a social atmosphere? After a futile attempt to punch your cards? These and many more important questions will be answered when "GRANNY GRUNGE SPEAKS:".

Everyone has got problems...even you. Any of these problems will be simple to solve just by writing your dear old granny. Problems you can't talk to your roommate about. Problems you won't talk to your parents about. Problems you wouldn't mention to your girl for fear of getting creamed. GRANNY GRUNGE answers all your questions, and even supplies you with some problems you never knew you had.

To kick off this extravaganza, we are having a low-budget contest. The rules are simple:

1. Write a letter to G.G. of 200 words or fewer.
2. All entries must be by cadets ~~in~~ in the clutches of the dark ages. (No motivational letters, please.)
3. The management reserves the right to censor all crass remarks and substitute "figure" for "bod".



WORTH \$1,000,000:

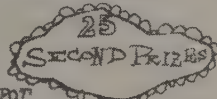
Your Own DED to  
USAF!

(Includes free library book on demolitions and pyrotechnics.)

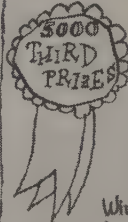


Best:  
Whereas, be it sworn  
- and -  
legally executed by  
me this \_\_\_ day of  
\_\_\_, in the year  
of Our Lord  
that  
being of sound mind

ALL-EXPENSE PAID  
TOUR OF YOUR  
FAVORITE NIGHT SPOT  
ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT  
OF OUR CHOICE.



INCLUDES All the beer you can drink, automobile transportation to and from, and an all-expense paid six-month vacation at USAFA, w/health by walking lessons.



5000 Free

TICKETS TO THE  
SATURDAY EVENING  
MEAL AT USAFA!

Writing and dining on exquisite cuisine from the "Halls of Mitchell" Restaurant.

AND...FREE...JUST FOR TAKING  
AND HAVING YOUR LETTER PRINTED...  
YOUR VERY OWN NAME IN <sup>the</sup> ~~Data~~.....



## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

This 'art contest' was of course a figment of our staff's imagination, as graduation approached and cognitive skills faded.



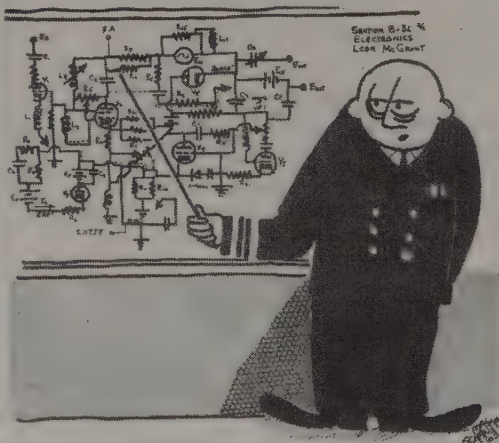
**FIRST PRIZE:** Wood Sculpture by Cadet B.A. Tool. Representation of Wing-blast mascot, Mach 1/5. Screws are apparently to hold the sculpture together.

**SECOND PRIZE:** Still life by Cadet J.B. Linseed depicting a set of construction tools, including air-powered combination jack hammer, dirt tamper, and mud-pie flattener, two diggers and a filler.



**THIRD PRIZE:** Painting by Cadet Fred Muggs, Jr. Done in beet juice on tablecloth, with scrambled egg background, it is a remarkable likeness of his roommate.

**BOOBY PRIZE:** Plaster sculpture by cadet J.O. Lechar III. Could not be represented graphically due to a lack of disinterest on the part of our morals department.



"Here it is gents—the chapter in a nutshell . . ."



"Yes, yes, he certainly appears to be in series with the shunt field."

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

# THE Dodo



NRGRP 190-4, MAR 65

No. 4

the  
**Dodo Staff**



OIC  
Capt Turner

EDITOR  
Dave Connaughton '65

**Contributors:**

Wayne Arnold	'65	Reb Phillips	'65
Don Thompson	'66	Buddy Martin	'67
JT Swan	'65	Jim Twardzik	'66
Don Gilio	'65	Bob Resling	'67
Dutch Berkley	'66	Jeff Schmidt	'65

\*\* Reel Talbot '6?  
Paul Raymond '65

## LEMMINGS BLUE

We are lemmings, short and tall,  
Marching on to Mitchell Hall.  
In our blue suits and short-cropped hair  
We follow on without a care.  
Looking downward at our feet  
We tramp along with a merry beat.  
Onward, forward, through the snow,  
There's nothing that we need to know.  
Our leaders provide us with the will  
To march and sit and eat our fill.  
So we are lemmings, short and tall,  
Finally arrived at Mitchell Hall.

by JIGS.....



**SPECIAL  
FOR FIRSTIES**

## THE DOB'S ALL NEW '65 PAVING Calendar



Shindig 19:30-20:30 A-Hall date	BP. Get Vette tuned White Betty		Weekend		W.C.E. 21:00-22:00	Figuring 8:00-2:00
77	76	75	74	73	72	71
70th day party	Brunch 10:00-12:00 80th day party (afternoon)		ODP. Home	ODP. away	!!!!	BP. Get Vette tuned
70	69	68	67	66	65	64
63rd day party	Earlier basket packed due to 476		Weekend		Liquor inspection White Betty	White Sandy BP. Get Vette tuned
63	62	61	60	59	58	57
56th day party		White Card		Early		
56	55	54	53	52	51	50
A-Hall date	A-Hall date White Betty	Roaded w/ your partner			Get Vette tuned and buy new tires!	
49	48	47	46	45	44	43
42nd day party			ODP. Get Vette	Shining		BP. Get Vette tuned
42	41	40	39	38	37	36



Winter Sports are pretty well wrapped up except for post season tournaments. A few really outstanding performances, records, etc. deserve some special mention. A good starter is the basketball team's last game victory over heavily favored NCAA bound CSU.

The top record was compiled by the fencing team, 10-0. They competed in the Western Fencing Conference Meet last weekend, and will hit the NCAA's later in March.

The Gymnastics team compiled a 10-1-1 record, and will compete in a regional tourney and if all goes well eventually the NCAA's.

The swimming team finished up with an 8-2 record and a second place at the Denver Invitational Relays. Steve Seigler and Buzz McLean qualified for the NCAA championships which are later.

The hockey team merits mention for just existing. This is not meant to be detrimental to them in anyway. They had only club status in this their first year so they had to do most of their own scrapping for games, equipment, etc. They did a commendable job in all departments, and can be expected to improve upon this year by year. Varsity status is surely hoped for and would certainly be a great aid.

Two winter teams previously unmentioned in the DoDo this year are the rifle and pistol boys. The later were led by their team Captain (not cadet rank) Fred Cox to a 2-1 record. The rifle team, captained by Bill Cathey, won the regional sectionals earlier this season at Nevada and currently tied for the lead in the national sectionals which are being conducted by mail. Some real sports deserve credit for their suave sixteen year olds at the club. Spring sports-assuming spring gets here-will be along before summer. Watch for at least one undefeated team if water polo gets the green light to play this spring.

Another team merits watching. They have potentially one of the best offenses in the area if G.R. Bonds gets out of the hospital in time for the first game with Mt. Aloysius of Cresson, Penn. Bonds has been called by many opposing coaches the most offensive player they have ever seen. This has been particularly noticeable since he shifted from right guard. The defense is still coming in spots, but should be ready along with Bonds for the opener. Alvin Yuba is the backbone of the defense, and can also be looked for. The team's toughest game will be against Napa College of California. The same weekend they play MIT, Florida State, and Houston. All are away games. Coach B.J. French allowed himself to be quoted: "I think we might win 'em all; I think we might not win 'em all. What do you think?"

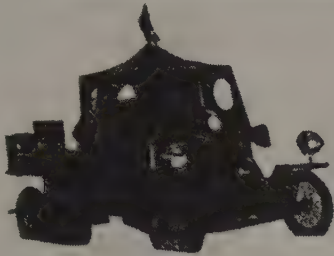
JTS&PR/rammac



THE DOOB  
SPORTS  
SCOPE



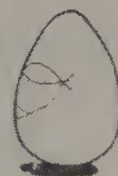




Since the majority of the Wing is familiar with Operation Easter, I'll refrain from expounding too redundantly on it, only mentioning for the benefit of the sour old men and the uninitiated dools that the opportunity to do something worthwhile for a change, and to propagandize the press favorably for a change, is here presented in a program which you will enjoy. The support already given and promised indicate that past successful performances will be repeated. If you haven't yet signed up to participate, think about it. We'd be glad to have you, and believe that you'll be glad you did.

Thanks to the Wing for sponsoring and financing this most worthy project, from the Operation Easter staff and from <sup>the</sup> more than 500 kids.

*Dave Connaughton*



Harvard Lampoon



# OPERATION EASTER

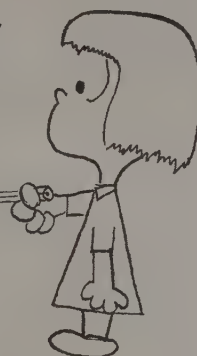


The Cadet Wing's own  
project to brighten  
Easter Sunday for the  
underprivileged kids in  
the Denver~Colorado Springs~Pueblo  
area.

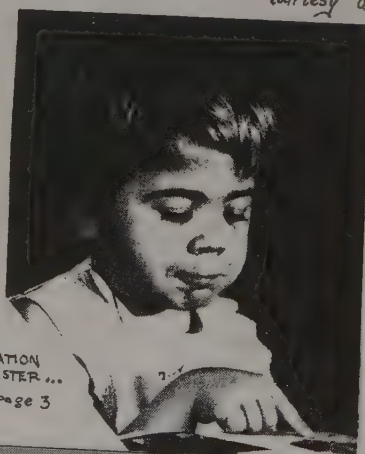


Don't Miss It!

APRIL 18, 1965



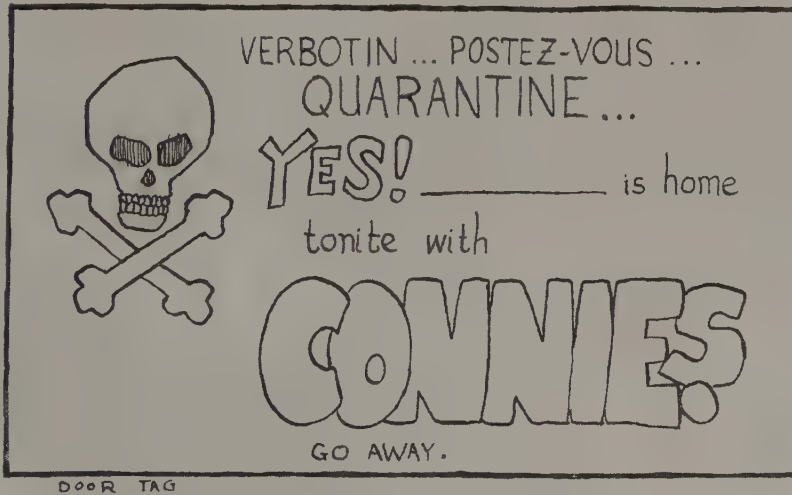
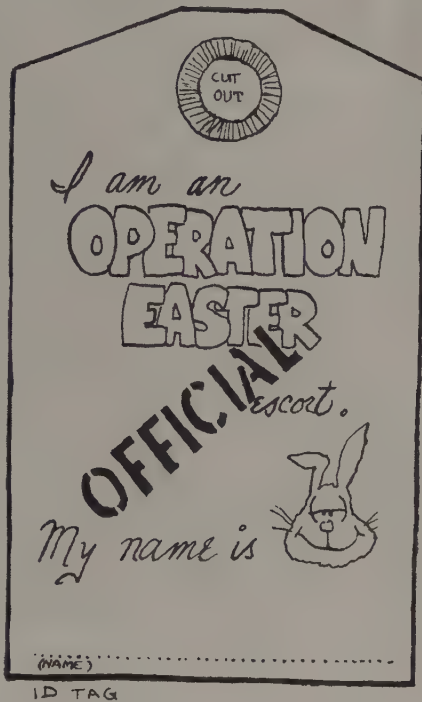
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courtesy of the Dado.



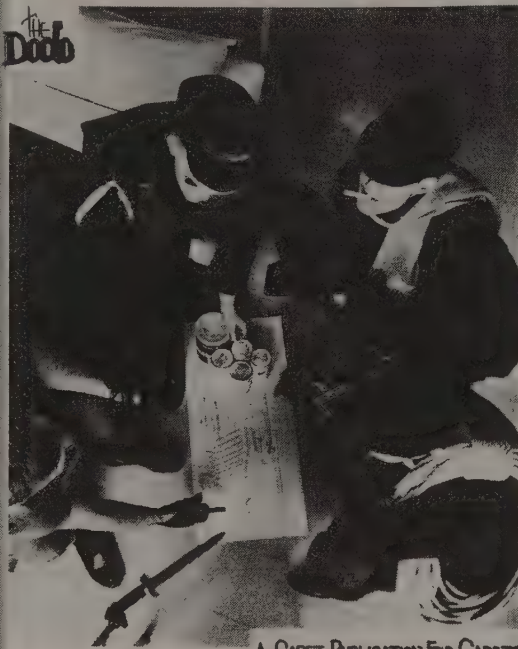
OPERATION  
EASTER...  
see page 3

# Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

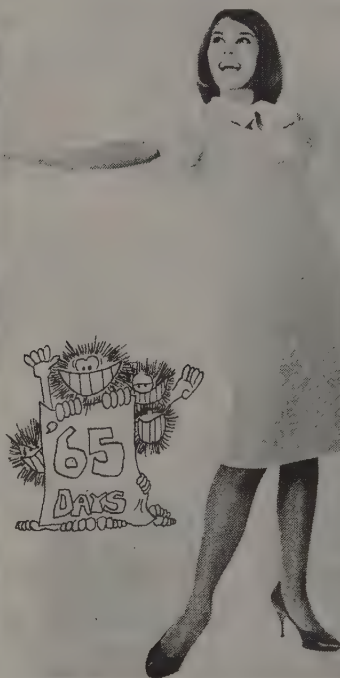
Excruciatingly shabby, disgustingly non-standard, and other pronouncements of anathema describe a situation which the Dodo has here seen fit to ameliorate. Hence, cut out tags for special occasions....







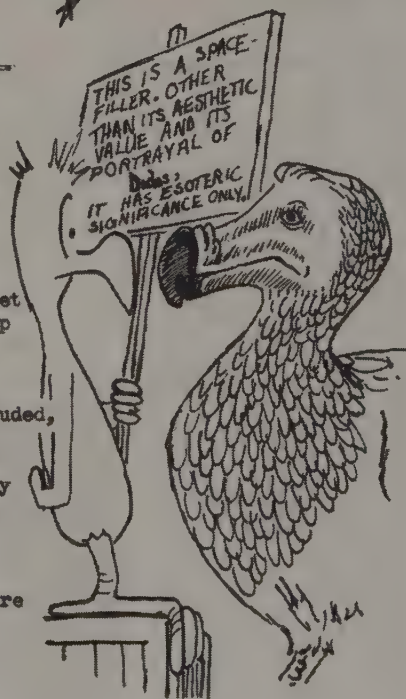
A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS



I usually editorialize, in my final, last, final issues, to the effect that I wish the new editor plenty of luck, that I've had lots of fun at the Dean's expense, and that I hope a whole slew of new contributor's show up. Fine. But this time is for real, the gods of Astro willing, and I doubt that John McFalls and his talented contributors can mangle this publication any worse than their fore-runners, with or without that luck. Hence, on to a little bit about this issue.....

As a minimum goal, the Academy provides each cadet with (a list of all kinds of goodies usually shows up about here) but a certain number of exceptionally talented individuals always seem to make it through unscathed. This issue is dedicated to them, and to their admirers; to the many who would have been included, space permitting, like the firstie assigned here by accident and the one with an alligator in his room. There is no malice intended, but the harm may already be unleashed when the All-Star Team Captain decides to get organized. Being a little slower than the Chaplain who was in sales, not management, I'll say a quick thanks for the Operation Easter Committee to the Wing, stick in this space-filling picture of a real dodo for preposterity, and trundle off to my pad.

- Dave Conaway



# THE LEGIONIS MCMLXV

And it came to pass in the days of Tiberius the Stronghearted that Gaius Festivus was deposed in the bloody scourge of the Cold Season and there arose a new leader of the Legionis MCMLXV, Gaius Maximus. And a proclamation went out from the chair of Tiberius that all of the Legionis MCMLXV should praise Bacchus at a feast in the Holy Place of the gods of war, and the already depleted numbers of the legion came forth and celebrated. And lo, Maximus Vice stood and proclaimed many toasts, so that the legion was beguiled into a riotous state. And it came to pass that Gaius was placed on the roles of the Minimi Conducti.

And shortly in their journey came the time of the Vernal Pilgrimage, and the legionnaires set forth to ravage the countryside near and far. And they were beset by the Sirens and other Nymphs of the CWCae and of the heights of Loretto, who sang sweetly to them, and many remained, and their numbers were sorely depleted. And it came to pass that Gaius was placed on the roles of the FWae, and his time was marked.

And in those times bespoke Gruntissimus III, "Let us posthaste beguile Tiberius and, giving cause that he might believe us elsewhere, we shall remain in our homes." And Tiberius learned of this, and his brow was darkened. And it came to pass that Gruntissimus was inscribed in the roles of the Confined and his chariot sat idle. And he was sore disturbed.

Now as the time of their prizes and booty drew nearer the legionnaires were drawn into the halls of Torture, where they were subjected to terrible torments by the Astronites and Hummae, and the pitched battle was bloody, and the scarred legion came forth triumphant. And Gaius Maximus, Gruntissimus, the Bondi fraters, even unto Alfredus Jacoxus (DXVIII) crossed over and were placed on the roles of the Maximus Fignus.

And on the last day, behold, the battle-weary Legionis MCMLXV came to the Colluseum where the cheering throngs beset them with design to capture their helmets. Fleeing before the fearful charge, the legionnaires drove their chariots mightily (for some of their number had CCCL great horses) into many directions, so that all who beheld were immediately befuddled. And Gaius Maximus was among them, and his name will be inscribed forever on the roles of the Magnus in Flamibus Charioti...id est, he flies jets.





# Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

The Dodo's 1965 ALL STARS! Can you name them????

- A. Captain
- B. Minstrel
- C. Rabble Rouser
- D. Procurement Officer
- E. Jimmy Grunt - is that really a position?
- F. Character
- G. Crass Jack
- H. μέγα βιβλίον,  
μέγα χαχόν

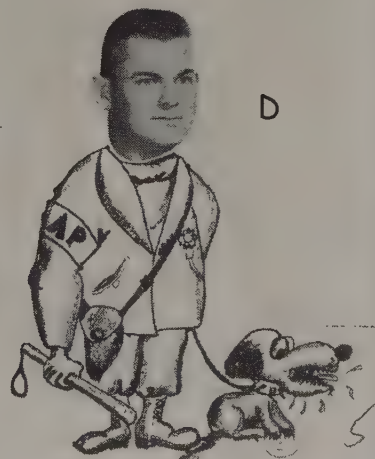
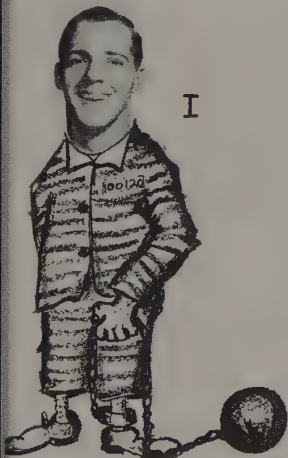
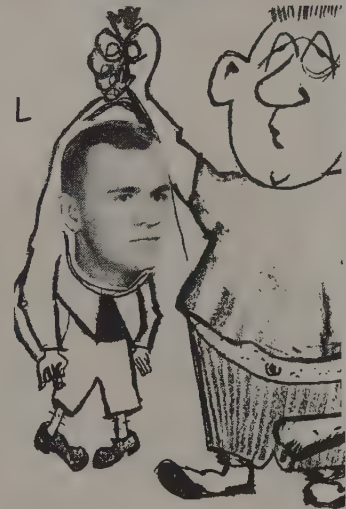
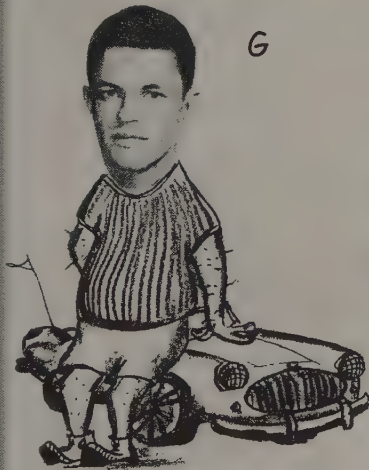
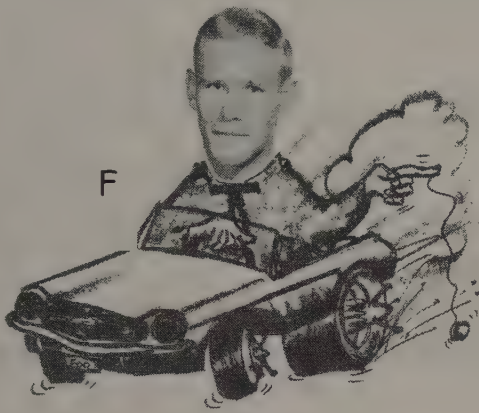


- I. Recreation Officer
- J. Special Sneaky Sub-  
versive Activities  
Officer



- K. CINC Wheels
- L. El Deke
- M. CINC Grunge
- N. Mr Vice



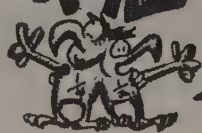




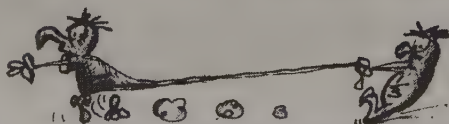
## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

John McFalls and staff didn't miss a beat in the transition, probing a dark corner of Academy life and shining a searing light on... the Mitchell Hall irregulars! From the photo it is ever so clear that marching is not their strong suit.

# THE Dodo



SPECIAL:  
THE Dodo SALUTES  
WANTERS  
SEE PAGE 4



A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

AFCRP 190-4, MAY 65  
No. 7



OIC  
Capt Turner

EDITOR  
John McFalls '66

ASST EDITORS  
Gregg Swanson '66  
Dick Watson '66

CONTRIBUTORS  
Jeff Aykroyd '66  
Bob Resling '67  
Denny Fink '66  
Dutch Berkley '66  
Mel Greene '67  
Pete Bettinger '67  
Dave Roach '68  
Rocky Gaines '68  
Gene Rose '68  
Don Thompson '66  
Chuck Beattie '67

From the Editor:

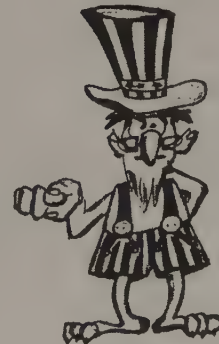
REFERRAL OF OFFENSES AND AWARD OF PUNISHMENTS		TYPE (Check one)	DATE
TO Air Officer Commanding		<input type="checkbox"/> EXPLANATION	
THRU Cadet Squadron Commander		<input type="checkbox"/> RECONSIDERATION	
DATE OFFENSE REPORTED ON AFOW FORM 10		SQUADRON	GROUP
OFFENSE REPORTED BY (Name and Grade)			
REMARKS (Continue on separate sheet if additional space is required)			
<p>1. The offense, "Publishing trash under the guise of a Cadet Publication For Cadets," is correct.</p> <p>2. On 1 April 1965, I called together Cadets Watson, Swanson, Resling, Aykroyd, Thompson, and Berkley. Obviously, the conglomeration of warped minds present at this meeting had no chance of producing a healthy magazine. Cadet Swanson, although unconscious at the time from intramurals, insisted on writing the Waiter Section. (See Page 4) Furthermore, the waiters, who had been serving wine for a dining-in, were somewhat inebriated. I had originally planned to feature a pin-up shot of Lassie, but her studio, fearing adverse publicity, refused to release the photograph. Our regular sponsor withdrew at the last minute, and I had to substitute an advertisement from the obviously shady organization on the back cover. Finally, Dave Connaughton, muttering something under his breath about "passing on the torch," stomped out of the room, refusing to take part in the destruction of three years of hard work.</p> <p>3. The offense was unintentional. With the help of ether strong minds and clever bodies...(?), I am certain the offense will not recur.</p>			
TYPED NAME, GRADE AND CADET SERVICE NUMBER		SIGNATURE John O. McFalls III	
1st Indorsement			
TO Air Officer Commanding	FROM AOC	Sq	DATE
<input type="checkbox"/> MINOR AWARD. <input type="checkbox"/> CONF <input type="checkbox"/> DEMERITS. <input type="checkbox"/> NO OFFENSE - REMOVE REPORT <input type="checkbox"/> RECONSIDERATION DISAPPROVED. <input type="checkbox"/> MAJOR OFFENSE. RECOMMEND COMMANDANT'S DISCIPLINARY BOARD ACTION IAW AFOW 38-5.			
TYPED NAME, GRADE AND SIGNATURE OF SQUADRON AOC		TO COC (CDPA) <input type="checkbox"/> APPROVED <input type="checkbox"/> FOR COB ACTION <input type="checkbox"/> DISAPPROVED	
		GROUP AOC SIGNATURE	

AFOW FORM 103  
AUG 44 103

PREVIOUS EDITIONS  
ARE OBSOLETE

ED FORM 103-1-5-67 1

THE DODO  
WANTS



YOU  
GET IN ON THE FUN CALL  
MCFALLS 4551

DODO, MAY 1965, VOL. X, NO. 7, PUBLISHED BIWEEKLY BY THE ASAP COMPANY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. THE DODO BUILDING, 5 NORTH ROAD, GUAVA, COLORADO, 80840. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE REFUSED BY POSTMASTER GENERAL. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE U.S. PROHIBITED BY CENSOR. READ AT OWN RISK.



THIS IS THE LIFE FOR USAF ACADEMY WAITERS



FAST    NEAT    AVERAGE    FRIENDLY    GOOD    GOOD

These six simple words, repeated day after day, hundreds of times every meal, serve as the proud motto of the USAF Academy Waiters.

The checks beside these words mean more than just a well done job, a good meal, or a particularly satisfying desert to Jose Montoya, Pedro Gonzales, or Evan Quiros. They mean a \$20 raise and a chance to serve Snow Flake Potatoes and Hominy Grits to the silver-shouldered leaders on the Staff Tower.

With promotion come added responsibilities, however. No snide comments to the cold pilot, or stolen Forms 0-96. It's onward and upward from now on. And it is to match these increasing needs and responsibilities that the United Waiters Union was

created. Our aim is to stand by you through gravy slung at your uniform, milk slopped on table cloths, and other sneaky pranks pulled by the enemy in blue.

Since 1955, the United Waiters Union has protected 95% of you through such awesome episodes as the "Meatball Plague," the "Spinach Incident," and the "Pizza Scandal." So if you make the Staff Tower next week, you'll get more from us than congratulations! (Mainly, we will up your dues.)

*John A. Swindle*  
—TK—  
PRES

---

United Waiters' Union

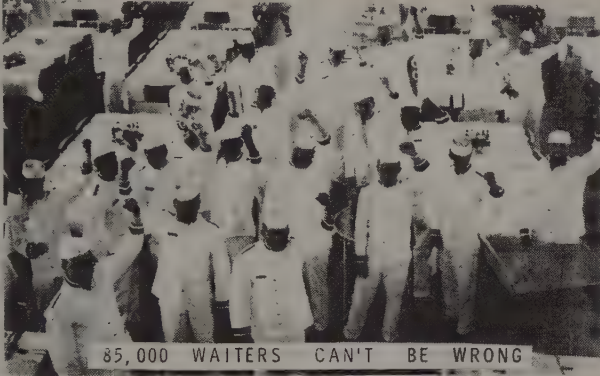
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SKILLED, TOUGH, COMBAT-READY - THESE ARE OUR

## AIR FORCE WAITERS IN ACTION...

Last week, the 56174th Waiter Wing successfully passed their tenth consecutive ORI, receiving 100% ratings in every area except box lunches. Conspicuous in their efforts were the 4th Realemon Squadron, who distributed bottles of their toxic brew to 200 targets while maintaining perfect cart formation, and the Pueblo ANG Refueling Squadron, who transferred 830 gallons of JP-4 Orange Punch in mid-aisle. On these pages, the DODO salutes this highly-motivated combat team.

ADVERTISEMENT



85,000 WAITERS CAN'T BE WRONG

This award-winning maintenance crew, the pride of the Waiter Wing, keeps the carts rolling, the spoons unbent, and the grape stains covered on time with SIESTA watches. Keep your schedule rolling in first gear with "the watch that never runs fast": SIESTA!



**TOP CREW:** This ready alert relay team won the individual award for transporting a platter of chicken pot pies from the kitchen to table # 291 in a record time of 12.3 secs. L to R: Martinez, Perry, and Gonzales. Well done, men!



"Our guest on the staff tower is Generalissimo Pancho Revolucion of the Dominican Republic."



"Sir...the waiter's name is..."



## Establishing Traditions (1961 - 1965)

Nothing like a nice swim to cool off on a hot June day. It was otherwise a delightful week for the Class of 1965, off to the real world and beyond the reach of the Dodo, unless they return as an AOC.

**THE Dodo**

**SPECIAL JUNE WEEK ISSUE...**

A CADET PUBLICATION FOR CADETS

AFGRP 190-4, JUN 65  
No 8



The Leader  
Capt Turner -OIC

The Pack

John McFalls - Ed.	Dave Roach
Dick Watson - Asst. Ed.	Mei Greene
Gregg Swanson - Asst. Ed.	Mike Ellison
Don Thompson - Photo	Terry Schmidt
Bob Reysling - Art	Rocky Gaines
Jeff Aykroyd - Pub.	Gene Rose
Denny Fink - Girls	Bill Hurley
Mike Freeborn - Typ.	Mike Wirth

From the Editor:

## WANTED

FOURTHCLASSMAN TO ESCORT  
BLIND DATE FOR JUNE WEEK !!

- LIKES YOUNGER MEN !!
- SEWS !!
- COOKS !! - ALL THE GIRLS LIKE HER !!
- UNATTACHED !!
- FRIEND OF THE EDITOR !!



MEASUREMENTS  
WITHHELD  
BY REQUEST

GUYS, THIS IS YOUR CHANCE !

DON'T MISS OUT — CALL McFALLS 4551

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Sirs:

This is just a short note to thank you for your article on the waiters in your last issue. We haven't had so much fun over here at Mitch's since the day we sickened the Wing with our Green Dumplings. Seriously, this article was hotter than a trayful of enchiladas. My only complaint is that you failed to mention my record from the kitchen to table 291. I completed this course last year in the slowest time ever---21:06.3.

Irving Sanchez  
Waiter, USAFA

SORRY, IRV. -Eds.

You Dodos ---

I've been sweating in the halls of Vandenberg for 5 years, and what thanks do I get? Those waiters have it soft---7 meals a day plus all they can eat, while I scrub latrines and take black marks off floors. And speaking of black marks: there is a big one after your name in my little book. Don't expect paper towels in your latrines for a while, you crumbs!

GENE  
Janitor, CS-16

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A JANITOR  
FEATURE IN THE FUTURE. MEANWHILE,  
WE WOULD APPRECIATE OUR TOWELS BACK, -Eds.

DODO, JUN 1965, VOL. X, NO. 7, PUBLISHED BIWEEKLY BY THE ASAP COMPANY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. THE DODO BUILDING, 5 NORTH ROAD, GUAVA, COLORADO, 80840. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE REFUSED BY POSTMASTER GENERAL. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE U.S. PROHIBITED BY CENSOR. READ AT OWN RISK.



DODO PRESENTS A JUNE WEEK GUIDE TO

## WHAT'S HAPPENING ON OUR CAMPUS

**SATURDAY, 5 JUNE 65**

**JUNE WEEK FORMAL**

- GET LINED UP NOW !

- COME EARLY, BE THE FIRST THROUGH THE RECEPTION LINE AND DON'T MISS

**MITCH'S FIFTH ANNUAL TACO FRY**

- FEATURING GUATEMALAN! TACOS, TORTILLAS, AND STRAWBERRY

- FIRST PRIZE ALL THE LIVER YOU CAN EAT



**SUNDAY, 6 JUNE 65**

SURFERS - THIS IS THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.....

**THE FIRST ANNUAL SKATEBOARD CHAMPIONSHIPS AND RACES**

- ON THE BATTLE RAMP

- THRILL TO THE SOUNDS OF FAST SKATEBOARDS DRAGGING AGAINST POWERFUL "WHITE ELEPHANTS"

- INTRAMURDER POINTS AWARDED

FIRSTIES GET YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW TO THE

**SUPERINTENDENT'S RECEPTION**



**MONDAY, 7 JUNE 65**

SEE

**WORLD'S LARGEST NICKELODEAN**

- HEAR OUR ORGANIST PLAY "GREEN ONIONS", "YOU CAN'T SIT DOWN" AND OTHER TRADITIONAL FAVORITES.

AND PLAN TO ATTEND



**HONOR AWARD PARADE AND THE RING DANCE**

**TUESDAY, 8 JUNE 65**

**GLASS ETCHING DEMONSTRATION**

- SEE SKILLED ARTISANS ETCH OUT CLEVER CARTOONS, QUOTATIONS AND ASSORTED TRASH ON THE "GLASS WALLS OF VANDENBERG."

- ACTION ! SEE SKILLED A.P.'S ARREST SKILLED ARTISANS

AND BE SURE TO SEE

**THE GRADUATION PARADE ! THE GRADUATION BALL !**



**WEDNESDAY, 9 JUNE 65**

COME EARLY FOR

**THE GRADUATION OF '65**

- 90 TENSE, DRAMATIC MINUTES OF SUSPENSE !

- JOIN IN THE "BATTLE FOR THE WHITE PARADE HATS !"

STAY LATE FOR

**THE ANNUAL FALCON FIGHTS**

- MIGHTY MASCOTS IN BLOODY COMBAT

- MACH 1 (CHAMPION) AGAINST ALL CHALLENGERS



**OTHER UNOFFICIAL EVENTS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS**

THE CHAPEL SHOOT

THE GLUE SNIFFING DEMONSTRATION

POOL HOPPING IN THE AIR GARDENS

REVOLT OF THE DIGGERS AND FILLERS

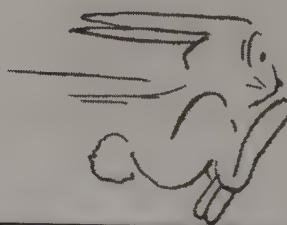
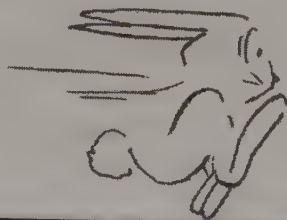
THE OVERLOOK TRAFFIC JAM - NIGHTLY

GRAND PRIX ACTION - "RACE FROM THE ROCKIES"

THE MARRIAGE MARATHON

"SKIVVIE RAID" BY LHC, CWC

DUST FINDING COMPETITION



THE BIG GREY FLUSH IS ON! CHOCK FULL OF AEROSPACE MOTIVATION, '65 WILL SOON LEAP INTO EXCITING AIR FORCE POSITIONS. FOR EXAMPLES OF HOW FAR THEY CAN GO, THE FIRSTIES GAIN MUCH INSPIRATION FROM SUCH DEDICATED PROFESSIONALS AS THESE

## GRADS AROUND THE GLOBE



LT. MELVIN H. CHEERFUL

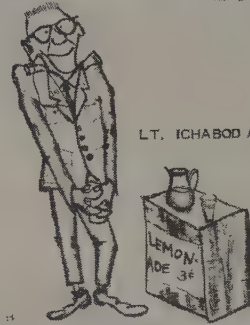
After lengthy and grueling training in the jungles of Panama, Mel, a human relations expert, won the coveted assignment with the crack 8th Air Rangers stationed in Gung Hoa, South Viet Nam. Incensed by the U.S. image exposed in The Ugly American, he wasted no time in doing his part.

Grabbing bags of Hershey Bars, Double Bubble, and two-week-old Tootsie Rolls, he set off for the villages, distributing his goodies. Little did Melvin know that the simple native folk mumbled, "Hey Joe, You got gum?", were front-line regulars of the Viet Cong. For his actions, Mel has received the Order of the Shaggy Tiger with two Banana Clusters from his new friend, Hoachy Minh.



LT. ROCKWELL D. GROOVE

Dissatisfied with his normal control tower duties, the Rock shoved aside the weather maps, flight charts, and routine schedules in disgust. With these now famous words—"This tower drags"—the Detroit-born swinger launched a highly gratifying career as "DJ of the airwaves." With half the planes in the Air Force tuned to WARP, Rock has replaced VOR as the principal means of air navigation. His future plans include production of the Air Force's first truly motivational flick—Don't Knock the AF Rock, starring the Rolling Stones, the New York Philharmonic, and the Ascots.



LT. ICHABOD A. ABSTINENCE

Recently assigned to DeBach AFB, Massachusetts, as the new Club Officer, Ick made local headlines by destroying all four bars in the club with his trusty ax. Fully supported by the Daughters of Plymouth Rock, he outlawed close dancing, papered the walls with pink panesies, and established the Air Force's first dry O-Club. To reward Ick for his efforts, his former classmates, in keeping with Academy tradition, conducted a continuous four day, tractor fly-by over his entire neighborhood. Ick, not only has lost all his friends, but now, his hearing as well.

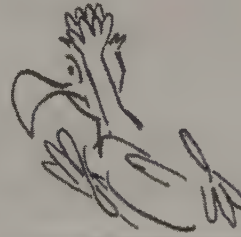


LT. PETER ZERO

Pete was a volunteer for his present position, and although he has spent the majority of his career in the base hospital, he has served the Air Force long and faithfully. For 5 years, as the chief of the SAC security evaluation team, he has engineered security tests from Boring AFB, Maine, to Hot Sands AFB, New Mexico.

Once, while disguised as a plumber in the men's wash room of Everready missile site, he was trapped for 17 hours in a shower stall by vicious sentry dogs. On another mission, he evaded armed guards for days, while posing as a coke machine in an alert shack, only to be discovered when he failed to give 15 cents change to an outraged A.P.

The clamp of fangs upon his thigh, or the sting of a bullet piercing his shoulder brings a warm glow to Pete's heart. As he lays on operating tables throughout the country, he knows that once again, SAC security has prevailed.





Was the Dodo influenced by Mad Magazine or Playboy in its early years? Of course! Much like a medieval monestary perched in the cold, remote mountains, wacky humor abounded. Lovely ladies, not so much.



Thus far, we have chronicled the journey of the Dodo from its uncertain early days to its beleaguered continuance under the nurturing zaniness of Dave Samuel and his minions, Michael Ditmore and Dave Connaughton. The traditions of the Dodo, like so many traditions, didn't meet the tests of time, and it veered off the rails with the eDodo. Official Air Force oversight was shaken off - hard to control the web - and the editors joyfully abandoned good taste and appropriate respect for the Air Force.

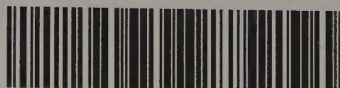
But in the days captured in this tome it was all in good fun, good fun the wing needed to survive horizontal blowing snow on the terrazzo, tours in the dark of night, and SAMIs where inspectors actually conjured up dust with white gloves.

The co-conspirators intend to extend this book as far as good taste and original humor can take us, drawn from the archives of our web site. This first edition can only take us so far - to here - but watch for the second edition, with all the Dodo that's fit to print. Thanks for joining us!

<https://thedodolives.org>



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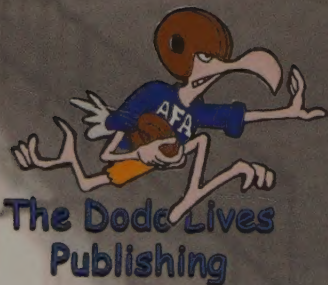
# THE Dodo

So what are 2,400 homesick and lovesick young guys to do after they've folded their briefs 5" x 5" and power-buffed their quarter-mile hallway? They turn to the DODO, of course!

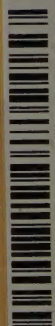
Here the co-editors of the infamous 'Cadet Publication for Cadets' in USAFA's dark, bleak early years select the best of what's fit to print from 1959 to 1965.

Relive the horror of bagpipes on the terrazzo at 0520, the frustration of reassembling an M-1 with a missing thing-a-ma-gig, the comfort of F-1 during another 2 hour lecture by Major Snorzz, and the sight (not the taste) of Mitchell Hall cuisine.

Brings tears to the eye, what?



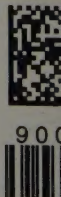
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